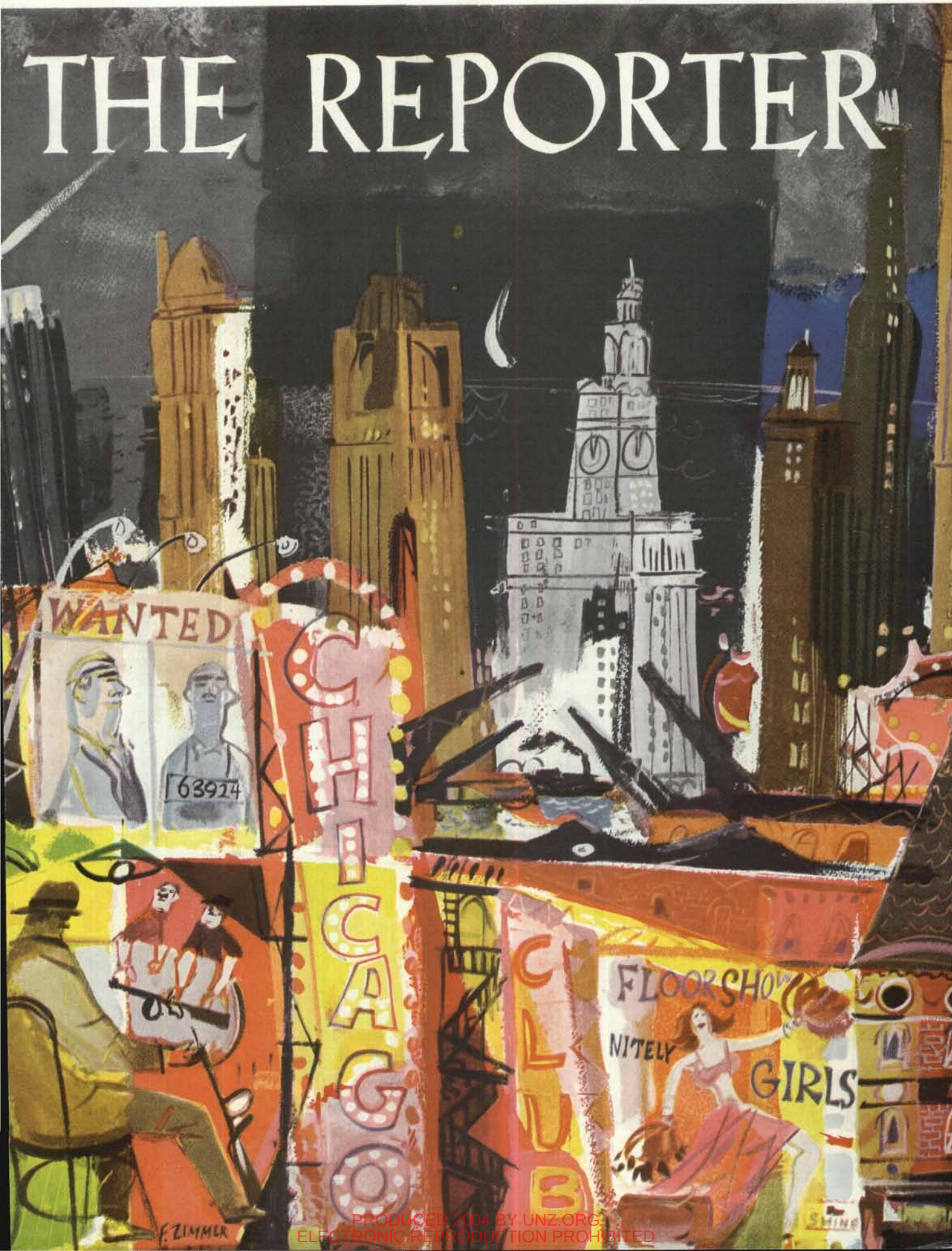
GENEVA REVISITED

November 17, 1955 25¢

The Case of Roger Touhy (page 12)

THE REPORTER



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Secretary of the Treasury

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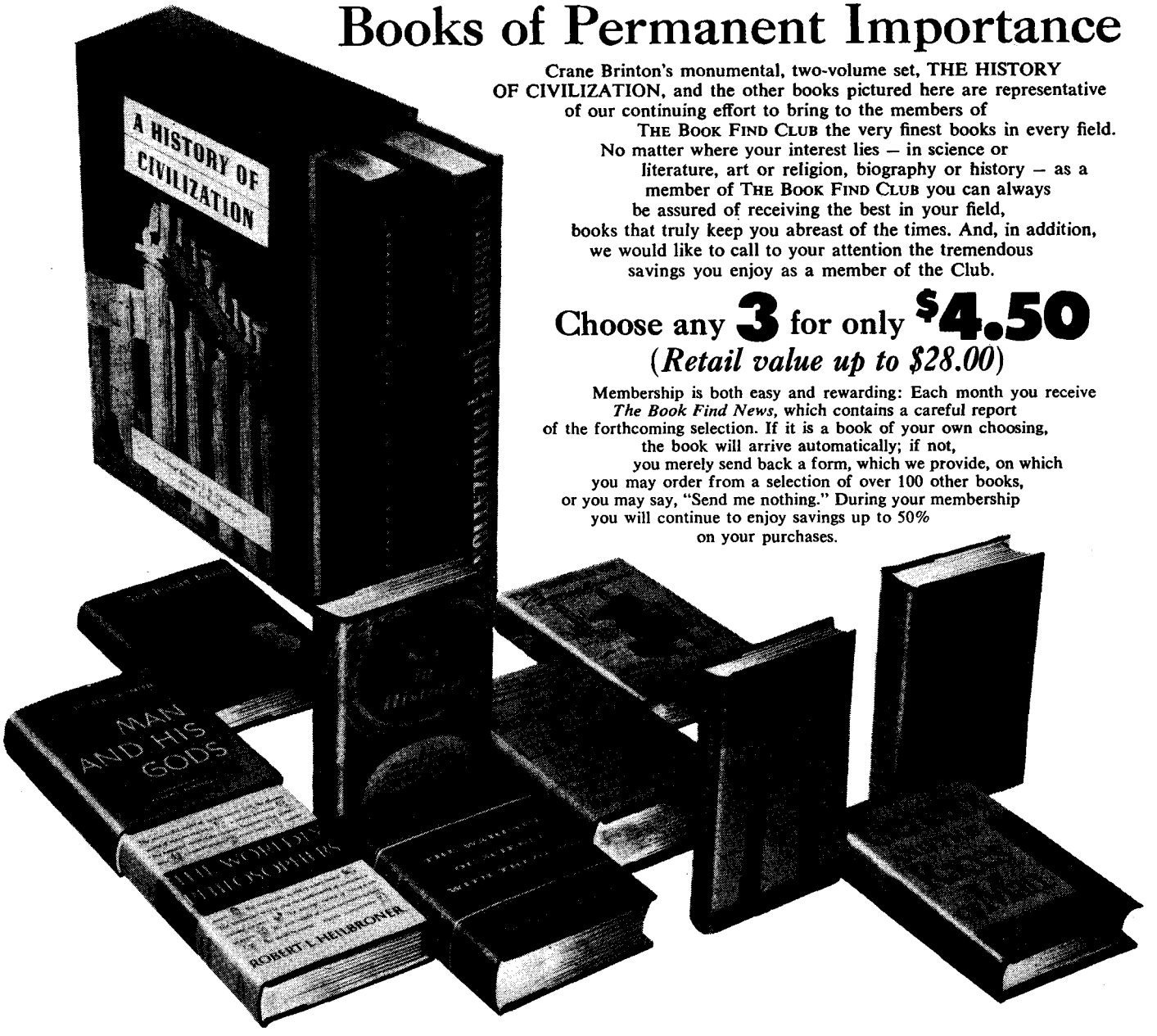

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

History's Waiting List

As peace, or what has passed for it, breaks down in the Middle East, eyes turn again to the United Nations for possible help in staying the process of collapse. But the affairs of the U.N. itself are tangled and distraught. People tend to believe that since the U.N. appears to be only a mirror of rival power blocs, incapable of rising above them, it is therefore merely a prisoner of those blocs.

We have felt from the start that it was overidealistic to assume that the U.N. could serve as a supranational roof guaranteed to ward off all rain. The question as of 1955 is whether the U.N. is realistic—that is, whether it does in fact mirror all the various sources of power and aspiration embodied in the nations of the globe. The issue is not so much the exertion of pressure by nations inside the U.N. as the absence of pressures from the twenty-odd other nations that have applied for membership but are still being kept out.

In 1945, the U.N. was realistic. It mirrored the desires of a coalition of fifty-one states—either on the winning side or acceptable to it—to establish order in the world. Today that coalition concept is obsolete, to say the least. Any U.N. attempt in 1955 to adjust or harmonize the affairs of Europe while Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, and Portugal remain nonmembers is plainly unrealistic. The effort to discuss colonial problems around the world while such nations are banned from the club but Arab and South American countries are vociferously present has failed to lead to balanced discussion. The effort to deal with Asian problems while both anti-Communist Japan and Communist China are voiceless is little more than an exercise.

The moral disapproval that impelled us to exclude Spain from the U.N. at the start and the Soviet satellite states thereafter is understandable. But moral judgments of other nations have a way of backfiring: Now we want Spain in, not because Spain has changed but because our strategic necessities have. And the Russians, for their part, want their friends in first or in great numbers. Mutual exclusion still is based largely on objections from either side as to whether the candidate is truly "peace-loving" or not, or whether his treaty arrangements are in acceptable order. This fools nobody. Moral judgments are simply the front behind which the rival members of the inner circle propose or reject "package deals," thereby keeping the United Nations (which are not united anyway) from being the one thing they could be—almost universal.

In 1913, the moralistic President Wilson stated that we would not recognize the new Victoriano Huerta Government of Mexico because we did not like its looks. But it was soon found wiser to return to the principle of recognizing any foreign Government that was in effective control of its nation, whether we happened to like it or not. Similarly the U.N. has had its moralistic day, which has not crushed the modern Huertas or even the deserving Italys. Indeed, it has hurt itself more than it has them by limiting its scope and distorting its balance. It is time now to stop rejecting "package deals" on principle, and to start examining them carefully on a basis of practicality. We are going to have to make *some* kind of deal: We can't expect just to get more of our side in and keep objectionable members of the other side out. We would do best to take the lead in getting all nations in, of whatever complexion or belief, since the affairs of the world apply to all nations. We should do this circumspectly, of course, negotiating in each case. But we should above all open the way.

ODE TO 'IRK'

(With Fleeting Apologies to P. B. Shelley)

Hail to thee, blithe letters!
News there'll never be
That our brave typesetters
Cannot fit to thee
No matter what doth happen in any vicinity!

For Adlai's Irked by Truman,
And Bonn is Irked by Us,
And Britons are Irked by the Church of E.,
And the British Irk Cyprus.

And Greece is Irking Turkey,
And We are Irked by Bonn,
The Soviet policy is To Irk
And the French Irk Everyone.

Hail to thee, expression
Dear to headlines all,
Easiest compression
Of wormwood and gall
(Or the chronic irritations of man political!).

—SEC

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Not on the Agenda

The Soviets' sudden eruption into the Middle East through the Czechoslovakian arms deal with Egypt, followed by a state barely short of war along the Egypt-Israel frontier, has left the West with a helpless feeling. The comment made at Geneva by Secretary Dulles on how well the Foreign Ministers' conference was going, even while the Gaza strip was aflame, did not relieve it. Of course he wasn't talking about the Middle East, which wasn't on the agenda. But the world wasn't looking at the agenda. It was looking at the desperate situation in the Middle East.

Not that American diplomacy has been skirting the Middle East by any means. We have made broad commitments concerning it, and Secretary Dulles himself last August proposed a spacious long-range plan of pacification for it. He set this forth in a speech calling for a U.N. guarantee of Israel-Arab boundaries, supported by American participation both in treaty obligations and in loans to develop and stabilize that backward area. But having said this, as far as one knows he did nothing further about it. Presumably he thought there would be time, if only everybody would please hold still.

But the Soviets, long experienced in maneuvering people who don't want to hold still, saw their chance and moved in. It was just one act, involving the shipment of some weapons to Premier Nasser and the offer to assist in the construction of a Nile dam, but it was enough to throw the entire diplomatic West into a palsy.

Secretary Dulles has taken for granted all along that no matter how much the Arab states might feud with the new State of Israel, at bottom all were friends of the West. They had to be. Oil, western subvention of their chieftains ever since the First World War liberation from Turkey, and a common suspicion of Communism in general and of the nearby Russians in particular had made this linkage seem unbreakable. The Middle East might flare up in racial and religious conflict, but the line would hold. It had always held. Muscovite ambitions against the Dardanelles and beyond had always

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A HISTORY

By David A. Shannon

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Lucid and logical, the author's discussion will shatter many illusions.

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been checked. But then Moscow, instead of trying to buck our Middle Eastern line directly, threw a neat forward pass right over its "northern tier" into the waiting hands of Egypt.

PERHAPS we have made the mistake of assuming that time, history, and inclination are collectively and automatically on our side, no matter how severe the internal ructions of the Middle East may be. But this is a luxurious form of thinking: Time and inclination can play tricks, unless with new years we bring in new ideas that might offer to the whole Middle East—Israelis and Arabs alike—political and economic guarantees of peace and advancement. It is not too late to reclaim the idea.

Wars sometimes start through what later seems sheer inadvertency. Bernhard von Bülow, Chancellor of Imperial Germany until 1909, asked his wartime successor, Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, "Now tell me, just how did all this happen?"

"Good God!" said Bethmann. "If I only knew!"

Noncontroversial?

One of the appointments called "non-controversial" by White House aides when the President signed a batch recently was that of Wesley A. D'Ewart of Montana, to be an Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Senator James E. Murray (D., Montana) immediately announced his opposition "as Chairman of the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee and a senator from a state to which Interior Department policy and practices are extremely important."

Former Representative D'Ewart unsuccessfully opposed Senator Murray in 1954, in a campaign marked by the distribution of a booklet entitled "Senator Murray and the Red Web Over Congress," which said "The Communist Party from coast to coast has looked with favor on Senator James E. Murray."

When in Congress, Mr. D'Ewart introduced a bill giving cattlemen grazing rights on the public domain. The Portland *Oregonian* described the proposal as "infamous," Senator Mike Mansfield (D., Montana) called it a "land steal," and even Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay called

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it "lousy." "I'm an old cowhand and I'm confident we'll live up to the campaign pledge and do something for the cattlemen," said Secretary McKay, "but not at the expense of all the rest of the people."

In September, having heard rumors that the appointment was brewing, the National Congress of American Indians passed a resolution urging the President to "desist from nominating Mr. D'Ewart as Assistant Secretary of the Interior or any other position involving administration of Indian Affairs."

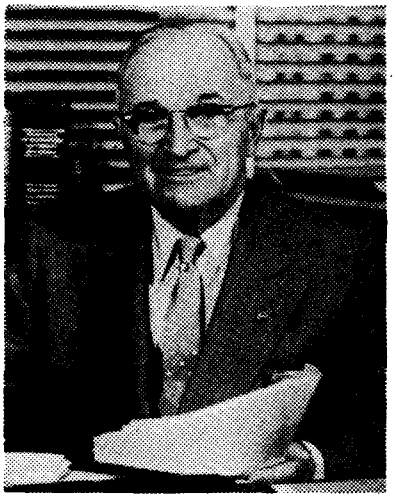
Democrats in Congress are eager to get the issue into the open, to get Indian and conservation groups to testify about D'Ewart's record, and to call the people who engineered the campaign trying to link Murray to Communism. Some other targets of the same tactics, like Senators Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Richard Neuberger of Oregon, are on Mr. Murray's committee, which will hold hearings on the appointment. So when Congress reconvenes, this noncontroversial appointment may become the subject of some controversy.

Divesting

On September 21 the American Legion's Second District of Illinois passed a resolution "repudiating" the Education for Freedom program, in which the state Legion had been participating—a program we reported on in "The Illinois Legion and 'Positive Americanism,'" April 7, 1955. The Second District has asked that the Department of Illinois order its members either to return to the source, or to "divest themselves," of "any money, goods, wares or any other articles" received from the American Heritage Council, which sponsored the program.

Since the education program was concerned with American history, this means that the Legionnaires are getting rid of 2,500 copies of the U.S. Constitution supplied by the John Hancock Life Insurance Company, several thousand additional copies of the U.S. Constitution and of the Constitution of the State of Illinois, about 450 copies of a book called *The Documentary History of the United States,* and one Packard.

MEMOIRS by Harry S. Truman



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Year of Decisions (Volume I, just published), the former President's own full-length account of his first momentous year in office, is a must for the politically and historically literate.

Years of Trial and Hope (Volume II, publication February, 1956) covers in depth the most controversial issues of his years in office, including the MacArthur episode, the "cold war" in Europe, and the H-bomb.

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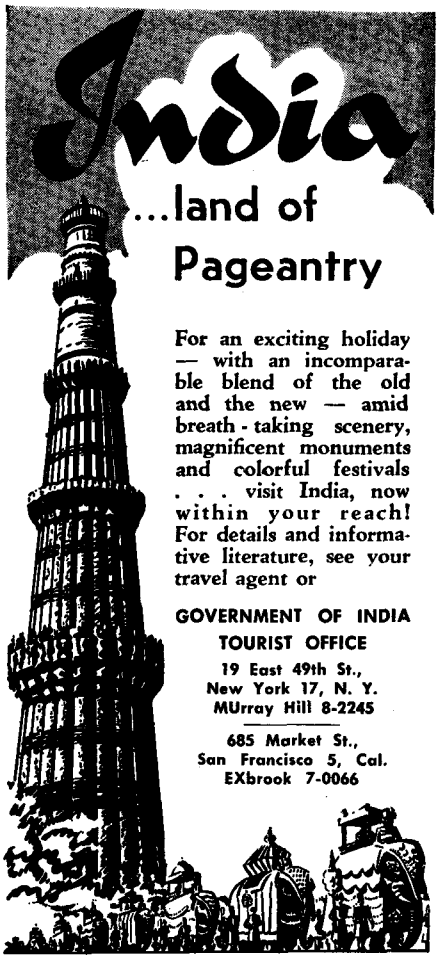
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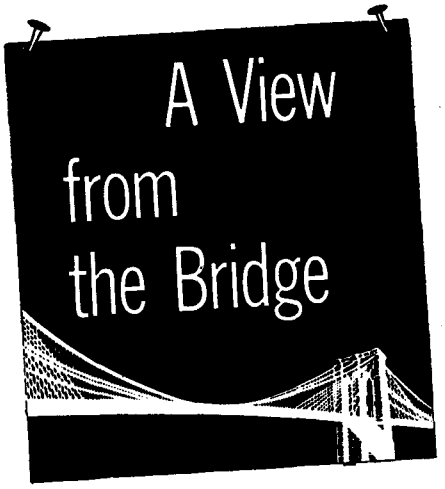

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CORRESPONDENCE

FOR DUE PROCESS

To the Editor: Your comment in *"The Reporter's* Notes" of the November 3 issue concerning the recent court action in the case of *Confidential Magazine* received my enthusiastic agreement until I read the last paragraph beginning "We cannot agree with all the civil libertarians . . ."—and reread and reread it. I found it impossible to believe that this was appearing in a magazine I have supported and admired from its very first issue.

Probably three times the four million readers of *Confidential*, and even a part of those, will recognize that magazine for the vicious thing that it is. But you have apparently forgotten that there are legal means—other than administrative censorship—to combat the ugliness it spreads. James Fenimore Cooper, for one, took the same kinds of attacks to court and won libel suit after libel suit. And Thomas Jefferson told a foreign visitor who thought a President at least should be immune to such lies that this was freedom of the press. Your apparent willingness to accept postal censorship of something you disapprove argues a strange blindness to American history and to the whole meaning of civil liberty.

Certainly it must have occurred to you that if this kind of administrative action can apply to the realm of taste, the same kind of action can some day be applied to the realm of political conviction. O would you be willing to accept censorship there, too, if you happened to disagree with the political concepts of the party being censored?

It might be a salutary lesson for you if the time should come when *The Reporter* were barred from the mails—though I sincerely hope that will never happen.

RAY C. LONGTIN
New York

(The sentence just before the last paragraph, as I okayed it, was: "As Judge Luther Youngdahl rightly ruled in the hearings on the Post Office's action concerning *Confidential*, such moves should be taken only if authorized by a court injunction, with the fullest right of appeal guaranteed by the Constitution." Somehow the key word "rightly" got dropped out. I deeply regret that this happened, but I cannot take editorial responsibility for something that so obviously contradicts *The Reporter's* beliefs.—M.A.)

THE INCREDIBLE MAYOR

To the Editor: As an adjunct to Miss Sophia Podolsky's penetrating article on Professor Giorgio La Pira ("The Incredible Mayor of Florence," *The Reporter*, October 6) and in reference to the Delle Cure foundry, I should like to note that the mayor, in sequestering factories or private homes, acts under the provisions of a law of 1860. This legislation grants the municipal executive the power to take over private property in the event of epidemic or similar inordinate distress. During the court proceedings which property owners have initiated against him, Mayor La Pira said: "Lack of work and lack of home are worse than an epidemic. . . . They destroy a man's spirit and will."

Despite the forebodings of politicians, journalists, and businessmen, the expropriation of the Fondaria Delle Cure has worked out most satisfactorily. The international publicity given to the plight of the workers and to the plucky, principled stand of the mayor has resulted in a deluge of orders descending on the foundry.

VINCENT R. TORTORA
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

EDUCATION

To the Editor: For good or evil, social science has grown by leaps and bounds in the last two decades. It continually disappoints me that when a "highbrow" magazine comments on my field, the piece is always written by a self-professed "humanist" who approaches the thing with the air of Our Man Stanley going to the national convention of the corset industry. In William Harlan Hale's article "The Quizmasters Fasten Onto Higher Education" in the October 6 issue of *The Reporter*, there were numerous technical bloopers that would merit a "D" or "F" in any introductory course in the field. You don't criticize natural science by taking articles out of journals and putting quotation marks around the technical terms, although it would appear witty.

JAMES A. DAVIS
Boston, Massachusetts

To the Editor: I have read and I approve highly William Harlan Hale's article on the Educational Testing Service. I sympathize thoroughly with the point of view he expresses and hope to augment it myself during the coming year.

The College Board General Composition Test (G.C.T.) is not a carry-over from the older methods of essay testing on the part of the College Board but rather represents the efforts of a devoted group of people to reinstate the essay test as a means of evaluating writing competence. I felt that Mr. Hale's article gave the impression that the G.C.T. was vestigial rather than pioneering. When he quoted me, the connection between my position and the G.C.T. controversy was not made clear.

In my youth, in the 1930's, I should have gone along with Educational Testing Service, enamored as I was of the perfect society —perfectly understood, perfectly regulated, and perfectly determined. I accepted the lesson of Pavlov's dog; I experimented myself before a mirror with lights, watching the pupils of my eyes. But those days are far behind me, and I am now persuaded that no individual can be judged except in terms of the whole pattern of his intention. I doubt now that the characters of men can be determined by some simple external ma-

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nipulation of their environment. As a result of this change in point of view, I doubt whether the applied science of testing which, as I think, stems from the theoretical notions I found so satisfying in the 1930's, can really measure the capacities of the whole man. I suspect that we need a new testing theory based on a newer psychological view of human behavior. No modern psychologist would admit to being a behaviorist; yet modern testing theory as represented by E.T.S. is pretty solidly based upon behaviorism.

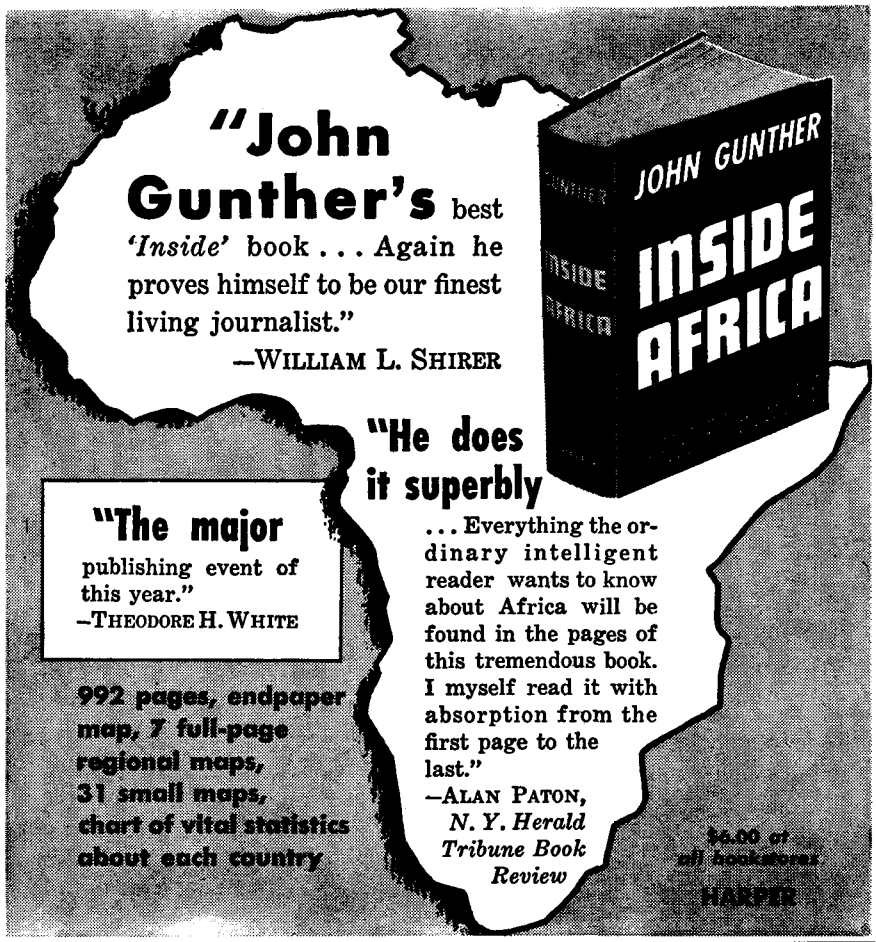
I have good reason to agree with the views expressed by Mr. Hale. I too have a son, named Jonathan, who shoots across the room in emulation of rocket ships. I too doubt whether the kinds of tests, which I perforce studied carefully when preparing for my Ph.D. in the field of educational testing, could measure the creative energy which his particular rockets contain. I suspect that genius—and we need genius—has to do with the organization of the facts and facets of our universe. E.T.S. would have us spend millions selecting those who can identify the facts and facets which earlier geniuses have organized. I think we should test the organizational ability of each individual and let genius emerge unhampered. Retentive memory is not identical with creativity.

EARLE G. ELEY
Examiner in English and Humanities
University of Chicago

To the Editor: Although I am convinced that the school themselves—as distinct from the voluminous literature about "education"—are infinitely superior to the general picture implied in your October 6 issue containing articles on "Education—Democracy's Test," I am very pleased at your interest in the subject. I am especially delighted to know that it is a continuing interest. The schools certainly do need criticism and, although all three of your articles seem to take off from pretty much the same point of view, they attempted to get at the real issues in a factual manner.

It seems to me, however, that several things were conspicuously absent in your initial report on the educational scene. For one thing, there was no hint of the fact that hundreds of thousands of citizens all over the country are already at work appraising critically different aspects of their local school systems. Nearly three thousand independent citizens' committees are in constant touch with the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools and probably more than ten thousand committees are actually at work. This, it seems to me, is in many ways more important than the fact that some things are wrong with the schools. I firmly believe this is because the schools are local institutions—despite state aid and a large measure of state control—and their ills must be corrected at the community level. That is just what these thousands of citizens are already doing.

HENRY TOY, JR.
Director
National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools
New York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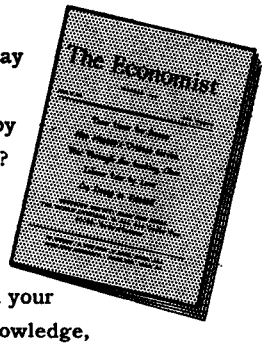

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Max Ascoli's editorial is on Geneva—revisited. We were among those who firmly believed in what the President accomplished when he went to Geneva, and what we said at the time we feel no inclination whatever to take back now.

To **Milton Mayer** the case of Roger Touhy, a man who has been in jail for nearly a quarter of a century, recalled a thought of Arnold Toynbee's:—One way of judging a civilization is by what it does with its convicted criminals. Mr. Mayer has been associated with this endless litigation ever since he was a cub reporter. His recent book *They Thought They Were Free* was reviewed in our issue of May 5, 1955.

In their long march toward democracy the people of Indonesia are still far from being able to enjoy the excitement of getting the results of their elections on election night. Months are required before the returns get in. **Peter Schmid's** report is, we must admit, rather dismal, but it must be placed in due perspective: Other nations, our own included, did not attain law and order overnight as soon as they won freedom.

S. L. Solon, who writes about the Archbishop of Canterbury, is an American journalist free-lancing in Great Britain. We have published a number of articles dealing with security but never so curious a one as that told by **Paul Jacobs,** a consultant to the Fund for the Republic and to a number of West Coast labor unions. **Laura Fermi** reports on an American success story, the realization of a scientist's dream to have a real atomic reactor on view and working in Geneva during the recent international atomic conference. Mrs. Fermi is the author of the widely acclaimed *Atoms in the Family: My Life With Enrico Fermi.* Even the arduous duties of Assistant Managing Editor have not been able to repress **Robert Bingham's** sense of scholarship and interest in the classics acquired in Exeter and Harvard. **Marya Mannes** raises a problem to which we shall return: For documentary films are apt to run into sponsor trouble whenever they attempt to document anything more controversial than the imposing nature of the Grand Canyon. **Sabine Gova** completes her travel impressions of Haiti. With his recognized authority, **Isaac Deutscher,** our expert on Russian affairs, exposes a nearly incredible fraud. He contributes regularly to British and continental papers and is the author of *The Prophet Armed,* a biography of Trotsky.

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

GENEVA REVISITED—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 11

A Matter of Justice

THE CASE OF ROGER TOUHY . . . . . *Milton Mayer* 12

At Home & Abroad

INDONESIA: LOVELY DREAMS AND HARSH REALITIES . . . . *Peter Schmid* 21

THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY . . . . . *S. L. Solon* 28

THE NIGHTMARE ADVENTURE OF IRVING MARKHEIM . . . . . *Paul Jacobs* 30

'SHOOTING OUR OWN SENTRIES' . . . . . *Eric Sevareid* 31

THE PRETTIEST REACTOR EVER BUILT . . . . . *Laura Fermi* 32

Views & Reviews

Movies: THE SHAKESPEARE BOOM . . . . . *Robert Bingham* 34

Channels: THE HOT DOCUMENTARY . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 37

HAITI—II: THE ILE DE LA TORTUE . . . . . *Sabine Gova* 39

THE PROTOCOLS OF MAXIM LITVINOV . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 42

REBELS IN REVERSE ON MODERN ART . . . . . *William Harlan Hale* 46

AN AMBASSADOR'S SECOND REPORT . . . . . *Harlan Cleveland* 48

BOOK NOTES 48

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Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

I read with more than casual interest the recent *Newsweek* story of a raid by South African police on the home and office of Trevor Huddleston, the Anglican priest who is an outspoken foe of *apartheid*, that country's "merciless brand of racial segregation."

Father Huddleston is responsible for the publication of one of Doubleday's fall books. My colleague, Clement Alexandre, had suggested that Huddleston write a book for us. He was already committed to an English publisher, but he sent us a friend's manuscript.

The manuscript was a first novel called "Episode in the Transvaal," by Harry Bloom, a Johannesburg lawyer. It is another of the fine books that have come lately from that tortured and unhappy land, and it tells the story of the seemingly insignificant events that led to a race riot in a segregated dwelling place of the natives.

Writing in a lean and straightforward style, Bloom paints a convincing picture of the terrible effects of *apartheid* in action. But more than that, he has told a story that carries the reader on swiftly and irresistibly.

This is a book which can be recommended first as a good novel. But it is also a book which brings the novelist's insights into the human tragedies, of black and white alike, that lie behind the news stories from South Africa.

No one concerned about segregation anywhere in the world should fail to read "Episode in the Transvaal."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Episode in the Transvaal," by Harry Bloom ($3.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also the publishers of Robert Ruark's explosive novel about Africa, "Something of Value" ($5). Both books may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford, Connecticut.

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Black Star

The Conference Chamber in the Palace of Nations

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Geneva Revisited

It is good to have the representatives of the three western powers and Soviet Russia back in the Sert-decorated hall of the Palace of Nations. This long season of negotiations will go on for years, with trans-Curtain gatherings likely to be productive in inverse proportion to the solemnity and publicity attending them. It is appropriate that, from time to time, diplomatic meetings between East and West should take place in the same formidable hall where the dramatic prologue was first enacted last July, just as it is appropriate that on this particular occasion the cast of characters be somewhat drab, overprofessional, and dull.

Actually, most of the newspaper reports on the dullness and drabness of the present Geneva performance could have been written long before the conference was called to order. Equally foreseeable, when Geneva and its "spirit" got back into the headlines, was the gale of macabre guffaws among all the dilettantes of tough-mindedness.

There can be no question that since the beginning, this spirit has been moving in directions and producing results that please the Communists most. The *de facto* anti-suicide compact that resulted from the summit gathering found the Communists formidably prepared to use diplomacy, subversion, and intrigue, once the prospect of nuclear war was emphatically—if precariously—removed.

They know how to work on the internal politics of the democratic nations, either directly through the national Communist Parties or by conditioning the reactions of each country's nationalism. Thus, for instance, in dealing with France they can make their huge Communist group in the French Assembly the accredited representative of Arab interests; in dealing with Germany, they can count on the bitter anti-NATO nationalism of their arch-enemies, the Social Democrats; in dealing with us, they can safely assume that quite a number of Americans, as soon as the going in Europe gets tough, will proclaim the imminent demise of NATO.

It must be added that much more—and much worse—may be in store for us. The Khrushchev and Bulganin team will see to it that in countries like France and Italy, where the political equilibrium is unsteady and the ruling majority insecure, the national Communist Parties get a fair chance to acquire democratic legitimacy and to sneak into coalition Governments with left-of-center parties. For the countries that are clamoring to be reunited, like Germany, Vietnam, Korea, perhaps even China, the Soviets have concocted a new, broad-minded pattern of unity, where the Communist and the anti-Communist section of each country would live within a loose, tolerant federation.

To bring about the gentle coexistence of Communists and non-Communists within the Governments of as many countries as their intrigue can affect—this seems to be a major aim of Soviet leaders.

The democracies of the West were obviously unprepared to counteract the Soviet diplomacy of movement and to abandon the old trench diplomacy that they had somehow learned to master. Any new phase of a conflict, no matter whether it is of arms or of diplomacy, almost invariably inflicts a severe shock on the democracies.

But only at the beginning. Now we know—or should know—what to make of Khrushchev's and Bulganin's junkets and binges. We can also safely assume that enough sensible, unscared men in the Allied countries are capable of seeing the danger and of acting accordingly. We should be grateful to the Russians for the shock they have given us in three short months.

We must act where our weakness lies—in the political systems of the Allied countries.

We must close the ranks of the alliance—and fast. NATO cannot remain any longer just a military coalition. It must be strengthened by political institutions directly representative of the NATO peoples. It must develop into something much closer to a confederacy than to an alliance. True enough, in a NATO parliament the representatives of the American people may be subjected to the shattering experience of sitting side by side with Communists in the flesh. But there should be no doubt as to our politicians' capacity to trounce their Communist colleagues at the parliamentary game, and so prevent any Communist infiltration of NATO centers of government.

The closer the West is united, the bolder can be its diplomacy of movement. We can then assist the satellite peoples more effectively than by advocating the liberation of Poland on Pulaski Day.

He who smiles last smiles best. The post-summit era has just begun. At the time of the last smile, we shall know what the spirit of Geneva has brought us. If NATO is carried to the people, the last smile won't be Khrushchev's or his successor's.

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The Case of Roger Touhy

'. . . one way of judging a civilization is by what it does with its convicted criminals'

MILTON MAYER

IT LOOKS as if the United States Supreme Court will have to decide whether Roger the Terrible Touhy really kidnaped Jake the Barber Factor on the night of June 30, 1933. If the Court says yes, he really did, he will have to remain in the Illinois State Penitentiary until, counting time off for good behavior, he is 134 years old. If the Court says no, he really didn't, he will go free after more than twenty-two years in the pokey.

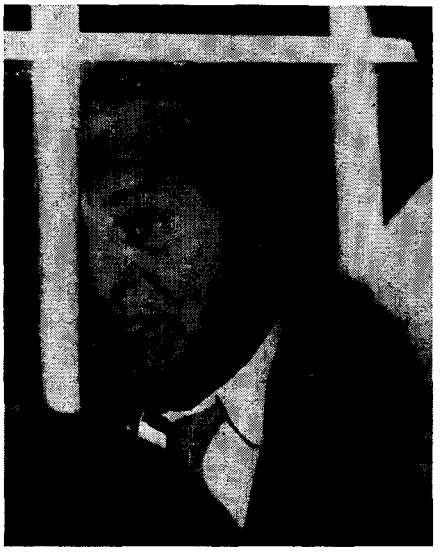
That will be a great day for me because I covered the case as a cub reporter in Chicago and I was sure, as only a cub reporter can be, that Jake the Barber had kidnaped himself. And for twenty-two years I have had to listen to people saying, "So maybe he didn't kidnap Jake the Barber. What difference does it make as long as they got a gangster like him locked up? Who cares about Terrible Touhy?"

Nobody. But some people, including some lawyers, cared about justice. Seventeen times a succession of such lawyers went into the courts for justice. Seventeen times—including four times in the Supreme Court—they heard the words "Petition denied." The petitions were all denied on points of law. Not once, in all those seventeen lawsuits, were the lawyers able to get a court to review the case on its merits—on the question, that is, of whether Terrible Touhy really kidnaped Jake the Barber.

Judge Barnes

And then, one day, seven years ago, *United States of America ex rel. Roger Touhy* came up again, this time in the U.S. District Court in Chicago, and it landed by chance on the docket of the Honorable John P. Barnes.

Judge Barnes was, according to his own admission, "born Republican in Pennsylvania at a time when only Republicans were being born there." For twenty-four years he has served on the Federal bench and watched Democrats go past him up the judicial ladder. The New Dealers didn't like him because he held the



Wide World

National Recovery Act unconstitutional (and the Supreme Court sustained him). The Old Dealers didn't like him any better. When it comes to dealing, one of his infrequent statements off the bench reveals his attitude: "I don't think the government is any different from any other litigant."

Barnes came up the hard way, beginning as a $7.50-a-week law clerk and rising to a profitable partnership with former Republican Senator Otis F. Glenn of Illinois. In 1931 Glenn asked him for his recommendation for a Federal judgeship. Barnes suggested the best man he knew, and Glenn went to President Hoover with two recommendations —Barnes and the man Barnes suggested, in that order.

Barnes has the reputation of being the toughest judge on the Federal bench, single-minded and implacable, even unmerciful, in his servitude to the law. When the Supreme Court, on a rare occasion, reversed one of his decisions, he said placidly, "Confronted with the same set of facts again, I would make the same decision."

IN 1943 the U.S. District Court in Chicago, sitting *en banc*, dismissed Touhy's petition for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that he had not exhausted his remedies in the state courts. But on November 16, 1948, over the protest of the State of Illinois—which didn't want the case reopened—Judge Barnes ruled that he would hear Roger Touhy's case on its merits. For six years he heard it. Back went the wonderful record into a wonderful past, the Chicago of a quarter century ago. Some of the past, Barnes found, was curiously mislaid, some of it buried alive.

Ghosts, some of whom wouldn't walk without a subpoena, walked into his courtroom and gave him ghastly glares when he said "Objection overruled. The witness will answer the question." In the course of that six-year hearing he sentenced the head of the the FBI in Chicago to jail for contempt of court because he wouldn't produce his records, and told him that if his boss, the Attorney General of the United States, took his place, he'd send *him* to jail too. Ancient coppers and still more ancient convicts were called to the stand. Jake the Barber was called. Clara Touhy, still married to Roger, was called. Even I was called. And the courtroom buzzed when No.

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8711-E—the "E" is not for Excellence, it's for Escapee—was called to the stand. "That's him. That's Terrible Touhy."

And then on August 9, 1954, the tough little mug who had somehow managed not to go stir-crazy yet, his lips half curled, his hair now gray, watched Judge Barnes ascend the bench in the business suit he wears because he won't wear a robe. He had before him his opinion. J. Edgar Hoover had once said that Touhy's claim of innocence was "too funny to talk about." Judge Barnes's opinion talked about it for 774 typewritten pages. When he read the words "The Court is of the opinion . . . that the Relator Roger Touhy should forthwith be discharged from custody," Roger the Terrible Touhy broke down and bawled.

In between pages 1 and 774 was Barnes's finding that Jake the Barber had faked his own kidnaping in order to avoid extradition to England for an eight-million-dollar swindle there and that Police Captain Dapper Dan Gilbert, chief investigator for the state's attorney of Cook County, had framed Roger Touhy in conspiracy with the Capone gang with whom the Touhy gang had been having difficulties. Furthermore, said the court, the frame-up was made with the knowledge of the then state's attorney, Honest Tom Courtney.

AFTER twenty-one years and twenty-one days in prison, Roger Touhy was free. He remained free for forty-nine hours. Then he was back again, on an order obtained by the State of Illinois from the U.S. Court of Appeals.

Last July—almost a year after Touhy went back to prison—the Court of Appeals reversed Judge Barnes's decision on a jurisdictional technicality that had nothing to do with guilt or innocence. Now the case has gone to the U.S. Supreme Court—for the fifth time. The outcome involves a labyrinth of law and is anyone's guess. But John P. Barnes has the habit of being sustained in Washington.

Jungle in the Valley

Let me tell you—because I was there—how a swindler like Jake the Barber Factor could pretend to be kidnaped and get the State of Illinois to hang the rap on an innocent gangster like Roger the Terrible Touhy. Let me tell you how the whole thing could have happened, right smack in the middle of the twentieth century. But let me begin by saying that it didn't happen in the twentieth century: It happened in Chicago, which in 1933 was prehistoric.

Chicago grew faster than any other city in history. When Chicago was growing and you wanted to cross the country, you crossed it at Chicago. If you couldn't make it across, you stayed there. The town grew so fast that it never got organized. Of course it had a mayor and fifty aldermen and a chief of police, but they were just for receiving distinguished visitors or arresting undistinguished bums caught sleeping under bridges or begging bread in the streets.

Now don't misunderstand me. If you behaved yourself in Chicago, you lived like people anywhere else. If your name wasn't Bugs Moran or Greasy Thumb Guzik, you could live peaceably and die in your bed and be buried in Cicero and never be bothered. But the state of nature—in which every man has to protect himself as best he can—prevailed in certain trades. Spirituous liquors, for instance. Everybody except Congressman Volstead wanted to drink, and there was a sort of civil-disobedience movement on—Gandhi with an elbow bent. Even in the state of nature there's a law of supply and demand. Since supplying was illegal—and this went for gambling, women, and dope as well as for booze and beer—the law could intervene. The mayor and the chief of police and the sheriff and the state's attorney had to be persuaded, if possible, not to intervene.

The men who ruled the streets of Chicago in 1933 were roughnecks who had fought their way up on the streets. Their parents were illiterate immigrants, they themselves half-literate. Take the three central characters in the drama called *United States of America ex rel. Roger Touhy*. Touhy himself and Police Captain Dapper Dan Gilbert got no further than grammar school and spoke very bad English. The third, Jake the Barber, had come to America at ten or eleven and had only a hazy recollection of "several months" of schooling in Poland. Roger, Dan, and Jake got their educations in a place called the Valley.

ORIGINALLY the Valley was a row of shacks at the bottom of the B. & O. embankment, just outside Chicago's central business district. It spread until it occupied the whole of the "near" southwest side of the city. Its political headquarters was the Democratic Club at Madison and Paulina, where Dapper Dan Gilbert, teamster boss, policeman, and ultimately police captain, could always be reached. Hoyne and Madison—a saloon four-corners—was where the young teen-agers, including Dan and Roger's big brother Tommy, hung out. But the Valley's Supreme High Command was Paddy the Bear—I don't remember his last name, and maybe he had none—and its GHQ was the back room of Paddy the Bear's saloon at 14th and Halstead, a few blocks from the ghetto where Jake Factor lived when he came from Poland as a kid.

The specialty of Paddy the Bear (he weighed three hundred pounds and couldn't get through the front

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door of his own saloon) was a process for making ink disappear from police blotters. He was, in a word, a "clout," that is, a cover for criminals, and his saloon was their nest. Tommy Touhy, Roger's big brother, was hatched there. Paddy the Bear was killed by Shrimp Quinlan in 1920, and the Shrimp was killed by Paddy's son, Paddy the Cub, in 1926.

In the 1920's—long after Tommy Touhy was hatched—the Valley's most eminent sons were Frankie Lake, Terry Druggan, and Samuel Nails Morton. Frankie and Terry were partners, and, after they hit it rich in rotgut, they took to playing golf. Federal Judge James H. Wilkerson tossed them into the Cook County jail for a year on a prohibition charge. One day a reporter on the old Chicago *Journal* called up the jail and asked for Mr. Druggan, just for the ducks of it. "Mr. Druggan is out," said the operator. So the reporter asked for Mr. Lake. "Mr. Lake is out, too. They'll be back for dinner, they're only playing golf."

Valley boys who play golf are traitors to their class. But Nails Morton was worse. Nails was an enemy of the people—of the people, that is, in the back room of Paddy the Bear's saloon. He came back from the First World War with a medal for bravery under fire and went on firing until he was well established in the hard-beverage business. Then he moved away from the Valley and on to the Gold Coast, where the Valley heard that he was drinking whiskey *with seltzer water in it*. Worse than that, he was wearing fancy tight pants and riding horses—not anywhere in particular, just around in the park.

Nails invented the one-man one-way ride when his horse threw him in Lincoln Park one day and killed him. The view of this melancholy event in the Valley was that that is what happens to swells in fancy pants, and Nails's competitors closed out his business (and some of his business associates) for him. But one of his associates, Louie Two-Gun Alterie, lived long enough to go to Lincoln Park the next day, rent the same horse, ride him to the same spot, and kill him.

A Policeman's Lot

Back in the 1890's in the Valley, Policeman James Touhy, an immigrant from County Sligo, was an upright man and an honest copper at seventy dollars a month. Roger was the youngest of six boys, with a sister older and a sister younger. Policeman Touhy, a hard Christian man, beat his kids until the neighbors intervened. Mother Touhy, a soft Christian woman, herded her children to Mass. Roger was her baby boy, and he was ten when his mother was burned up in her kitchen in 1908. Policeman Touhy retired from the force on pension to move his motherless brood to the country and save them from the Valley. But the five older boys wouldn't go. They left home.

Roger, growing up with his father and sisters, was valedictorian of his grammar-school class—none of them ever went to high school—and at thirteen he went to work.

Being a Touhy—just being one—was Roger's undoing. Of his five older brothers, four were bad. Two of the four died in the beer wars. Jimmy, the eldest, died in prison. The fourth bad brother was Tommy, who went in and out of the penitentiary so often that there was talk of installing a revolving door. Oddly enough, he's still around, living in Arizona in the loving care of a decent daughter. His swan song was a twenty-three-year stretch (with time off for good behavior) for sorting the mail with a gun in the Minneapolis station of the Milwaukee Railroad. That happened in January, 1933, six months before the Factor kidnaping, and on that occasion Tommy showed up in the papers as Terrible Tommy Touhy. The monicker "Terrible Tommy" belonged originally to an old and close associate of Tommy's, Terrible Tommy O'Connor, who had an appointment to be hanged in the Cook County jail one morning in 1919, as I recall. He didn't keep the appointment, and during the subsequent manhunt his body was shipped to his family for burial in a sealed casket. It wasn't until after the funeral that the bill of lading for the casket turned up with Tommy's own fingerprints on it.

The "Terrible" having passed from T. O'Connor to T. Touhy, the papers proceeded to hang it on R. Touhy after he was grabbed for the Factor kidnaping. And I mean the papers. Chicago—the Chicago I'm talking about—was built by the papers. The gang wars meant circulation. The gangsters were "over the fence," outside the law; they weren't going to sue a paper or plug a reporter. You could hang absolutely anything on them you wanted to. When I went down to the penitentiary a few weeks ago to see Roger, we had a long talk, in the course of which he suddenly turned plaintive and said, "Who do you suppose invented that 'Terrible Touhy'? Nobody ever called me that in my life. What makes them do that to a fellow?"

The Barber and His Friends

There was one monicker in Chicago that was old when Scarface Al was new, and that was Jake the Barber. John or Jack he called himself, but it was as Jake the Barber that he was known long before 1923, when he was indicted in Chicago for selling low-tide real estate in Florida. And Jake the Barber he remained through his wonderful career—or at least until November 8, 1933.

I was in St. Paul that day covering the trial of Roger Touhy *et al.* for another kidnaping, that of William Hamm, Jr., a brewer. Selection of the jury had just begun when there was a flash that Touhy *et al.* had been indicted in Chicago for the kidnaping of Factor. Filing my story to Chicago that night, I referred to the new indictment concerning Jake the Barber and to its prejudicial effect on the Hamm jurors. But the reference came out in my paper the next day as "John Factor, wealthy speculator," and it came out in all the other Chicago papers the same way. I went on filing it as Jake the Barber but it kept coming out John etc.

After the jury acquitted Touhy *et al.* in the Hamm case—Alvin Karpis was caught three years later and confessed—I returned to Chicago to cover the Factor case, and I asked the telegraph editor what the idea was of the "wealthy speculator" gag. "Oh," he said, "Mr. McCarthy wants to see you." Mr. McCarthy, the managing editor, had never wanted to see me before and I per-

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spired in the December heat as I crossed the green carpet to Mr. McCarthy's desk. I still remember that green carpet. "Nice work in St. Paul," said Mr. McCarthy, "but this matter of Jake the Barber. State's Attorney Courtney was up here and he's asked the papers to use the expression 'John Factor, wealthy speculator,' so as not to prejudice prospective jurors in the Touhy trial."

"But," says I, "Jake's not a speculator, he's a swindler."

"Well," said the managing editor, "swindlers speculate, too." I was going to resign then and there. But I didn't. I'd just got a raise, to $32.50 a week.

JAKE THE BARBER, alias Spencer, Walker, Wise, Guest, etc., had, as I say, a wonderful career. In releasing Roger Touhy from the penitentiary, Judge Barnes made some observations on the credibility of the witnesses who, during that six-year hearing from 1948 to 1954, had been before him. Of Jake the Barber, the complaining witness in the conviction of Roger Touhy twenty-one years earlier, the court said:

"John Factor has an extraordinarily agile mind—certainly the most agile mind of anyone the court has observed in connection with the case. He has had very little formal education, but he has nevertheless had an exceeding broad and thorough education. He has learned all that a boy and man can learn as a bootblack, washroom attendant, newsboy, barber, high-pressure stock salesman, Florida land salesman, bucket-shop operator, and confidence man—except to be honest.... [His] appearance and demeanor on the stand . . . and the testimony of all witnesses who dealt with him all indicate that Factor was eminently well qualified by character, ingenuity, mental resourcefulness and experience to devise and perpetrate a kidnaping hoax. Furthermore, he had money which he was willing to spend. Finally, he had a motive. He was in real trouble. He faced a long prison sentence when he went back to England. . . ."

For two years—prior to his supposed kidnaping in 1933—Factor had been fighting extradition to England, where he was wanted as the ringleader of the great Broad Street Press stock fraud. At least three and a half million of the eight million dollars the Factor ring got away with came back to America with Jake the Barber in 1930. It was traced through New York and Chicago banks. Originally a fugitive on the extradition warrant, he surrendered to the U.S. Marshal in 1931. His lawyers were the highest-priced lawyers in America—among them former Senators Glenn of Illinois and Jim Reed of Missouri plus former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker.

On May 29, 1933, the U.S. Supreme Court ordered his extradition set for argument. The rest of the members of the Factor ring had been taken back to England and convicted. Jake's goose was apparently cooked—unless something happened to stay the proceeding. Now if Jake the Barber were a kidnap victim, and therefore a material witness in a capital case, the extradition warrant might be stayed.

He had a motive, and he had a friend. His friend was an old Valley boy himself, Captain Dapper Dan Gilbert, chief investigator for the state's attorney's office. Dan had gone to work as a wagon boy at eleven, and in 1913, after a campaign in which his opponent was shot on Christmas night, was elected secretary-treasurer of the Baggage and Parcel Delivery Drivers Union's Local 725. Dan served on the governing council of the Chicago Teamsters Union until 1917, and then he went on the police force and rose like a meteor. But he never, as they say, Lost Touch with Labor.

The Chicago Teamsters Union—twenty-three locals with twenty-one thousand members—was not a labor union. It was a strong-arm racket and had been a strong-arm racket since it left the AFL's International Brotherhood of Teamsters in 1908. One by one and killing by killing, the teamsters' locals fell into the hands of the outlaws and inlaws who controlled the owners' association, the Chicago Truckers and Transportation Exchange. Nobody really cared what happened to the orphan unions—nobody, that is, except the working stiffs, the teamsters. When the stiffs tried to get into their own halls to vote they found the halls filled, and if they insisted on getting in they found themselves in a ditch.

So Jake the Barber, who did not want to go to England, had a friend in Captain Dapper Dan Gilbert, who was a Friend of Labor at a time when Labor was being transferred, in a friendly way, to the Capones. But Roger Touhy was an obstructionist.

The Siege

Late in 1930 one Marcus Studdy Looney came to see Roger and offerred him a set of unions if Roger would cast his lot with the Capones. Roger said no, he was doing all right in the beer business. He had the northwest part of Cook County, where the police would direct traffic by day and drive Roger's trucks by night. He was making $50,000 a year or so, and the hundred free barrels he provided for every Republican and Democratic picnic was a drop in the vat. There were no guns and no killings and Roger didn't want any part of the Capones.

But the Capones wanted part of Roger. Roger heard that Bill Rooney, a Valley boy who had shot his way into the "legitimate" owner-

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ship of the Sheet Metal Workers Union (and the part ownership of a few others), was going to be shot by the Capones; his offense was having some money in his union treasuries that the Capones wanted. Roger told Rooney, and Rooney, sure enough, *was* shot, fatally. While Roger was wondering whether he might be shot fatally, the remaining "legitimate" teamster leaders moved out to Park Ridge, a suburb that Roger more or less owned, convoyed by a flock of bodyguards provided by Roger's brother Tommy.

Roger, whom the besieged bosses trusted, served as treasurer of the siege, and when the boys came for their money they came to Roger's basement, which was fixed up, in case of a rumpus, as a rumpus room. The treasury that Roger disbursed consisted of $75,000 contributed by Dan Tobin, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and $50,000 kicked in by the union bosses who were besieged.

Tobin sent his international vice-president, Paddy Berrell, an ex-con, up to Park Ridge along with the money, and when Paddy got careless and went for a ride with one of his bodyguards, he and the bodyguard were both machine-gunned. One by one the Capones were picking off the beleaguered bosses, and the bosses got scared. Then Roger was invited down to Capone headquarters for a talk, and he got scared. Finally the bosses surrendered to the Capones and turned back what was left of the money—$40,000. It cost Tobin's organization another $350,000 and several years to clean up the Chicago unions.

So Captain Dan, the friend of Jake the Barber and the Friend of Labor, was not a friend of Roger Touhy. "To put it mildly," wrote Judge Barnes, "Roger Touhy was not an acceptable person to Captain Gilbert. Relations between them had been unfriendly, dating back to an altercation in the Cragin Police District in Chicago in 1923, when Gilbert wanted $5 a barrel for every barrel of beer delivered in the district, even though it was near beer. . . .

"[But] the old Gilbert-Touhy enmity was not the vital element in the choice of Touhy as scapegoat in the Factor affair. That choice had its basis in the peculiar affinity between the so-called Capone syndicate and the [state's attorney's] office during the early '30's, and Touhy's position on the opposite side of the widespread movement of the syndicate into numerous labor organizations at the time. [The Capone] syndicate could not operate without the approval of the [state's attorney's] office, which at that time was [State's Attorney] Courtney and [Chief Investigator] Gilbert. They did continue to operate and thrive without interference from Courtney or Gilbert. The relationship between the State's Attorney's office, under Courtney and Gilbert, and the Capone syndicate, was such that during the entire period that Courtney was in office [twelve years beginning in December, 1932], no syndicate man was ever convicted of a major crime in Cook County."

The Night Nothing Happened

There we were, then, in Chicago, the night that Jake the Barber Factor either was or wasn't kidnaped. That was June 30, 1933, around midnight, as Jake was leaving a Capone roadhouse in the northwest suburbs after an evening of gambling. The next day Captain Dan announced that the Touhy gang had done the job—an announcement all the more wonderful in that no law-enforcement official, high or low, paid a call on the Touhys in the days that followed. The faint odor of fish that was detectable even then was not dissipated by the insistence of the British consul in Chicago and the attorney for the British Crown that the kidnaping was a hoax designed to prevent the missing Factor's extradition.

On July 12 the wealthy speculator was picked up on the streets of La Grange, a very respectable suburb, by a very respectable policeman named Bernard Gerard. Jake was bleary, bearded, and bloodshot of eye. He said he had just been released after twelve days of "unmerciful torture" in a filthy and bug-ridden basement. He had, he said, paid $70,000 ransom. Policeman Gerard testified some six months later for the defense in the trial of Touhy and described Factor's appearance to the court and jury this way:

"Well, his tie was in place . . . and he was wearing a light linen suit, which was clean. His sleeves were wrinkled. His pants were somewhat wrinkled. His shoes were quite clean, no marks of dirt on them; no marks of dirt on his hands. He also had a white handkerchief, which was very clean—wrinkled, but no marks of dirt on it. His nails and hands were perfectly clean, cleaner than mine, and I have just cleaned them. . . . The cuffs of his shirt were pressed and clean. His collar was straight, in place and—well, that is about all."

Nearly sixteen years later, in 1949, Bernard Gerard, since promoted to lieutenant (and since then promoted to chief of police of River Forest), testified before Judge Barnes that when he left the stand in the Touhy trial he was seized by two state's attorney's policemen, taken to Captain Gilbert's office, cursed by Gilbert and Factor, accused of being in Touhy's pay, and later tried before the Civil Service Board at the demand of State's Attorney Courtney. He was acquitted.

Jake said he could not identify his kidnapers, and the Touhys were left strictly alone for a while. Roger went fishing in Wisconsin with two gunmen named Wee Willie Sharkey and Gloomy Gus Schaefer and an old labor skate named Eddie Father Tom McFadden. Wee Willie, who with Glooomy Gus was guarding Father Tom, got the Indians drunk on the Flambeau reservation and had them doing war dances. Roger fished by himself a few days and then called the trip off. On their way home their car skidded into a telephone pole in the village of Elkhorn. They were flagged down and fined, and while they were settling up the hick cop looked in the car and found it filled with small-bore cannon. The travelers were arrested and held five weeks in Milwaukee without being indicted for anything. They were shown to Factor by both the police and the FBI, but Factor could not identify them. One day during the five weeks two gentlemen in plain clothes entered Roger's cell, knocked his teeth in, ruptured him, and fractured a vertebra. Finally, the prisoners were indicted for the afore-mentioned kidnaping of William Hamm, Jr., the brewer.

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Now I was a nice boy and I didn't like gangsters and kidnapers. And I was a law-abiding boy and I trusted the United States. But I am frank to say that after the United States put Walter Bowick on the stand in St. Paul, I never fully trusted the United States again. Hamm himself had told me he could not identify the defendants, and Harold Nathan, the field chief of the FBI, who had been sent to St. Paul to supervise the case, told me off the record that the government's case was weak. Then the government sprang its witness Bowick, and Bowick identified all the defendants. He had, he said, seen the kidnaping. Within twenty-four hours after Bowick left the stand, the defense, with the aid of a two-bit detective agency, proved that Bowick had never lived where he said he was living and was working in Chicago the day he saw the kidnaping in St. Paul. It is cause for wonder that the U.S. Assistant Attorney General, Joseph B. Keenan, couldn't find a better witness.

The government's case collapsed, and the jury acquitted Touhy *et al.* Defendants McFadden and Sharkey, after five weeks of being rolled in the tan, sat stupefied throughout the trial. McFadden was placed, voluntarily, in the funnyhouse afterward, and Wee Willie, the war dancer, hanged himself in his cell after the acquittal.

Meanwhile the defendants had all been indicted by the State of Illinois for the kidnaping of Factor, and one day during the Hamm trial the front row of the courtroom was roped off and Jake the Barber was ushered in, accompanied by an entourage including Captain Dan.

Building a Frame

As soon as the indictment was returned in the Factor case, State's Attorney Courtney, a prominent Democrat, armed with a good argument against extradition—that Jake the Barber was a material witness in a capital case—hopped the rattler for Washington, to call on an even more prominent Democrat. The even more prominent Democrat conferred with his subordinate, U.S. Attorney General Homer S. Cummings, who in his turn talked to Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who thereupon refused to execute the extradition warrant for Jake the Barber.

Roger Touhy *et al.* were tried twice for kidnaping Jake the Barber, and I covered the business from start to finish. At the first trial, which began January 11, 1934, Father Joseph Weber came up from Indianapolis to testify for the defense. Touhy had been visiting Father Weber in Indianapolis the day Hamm had been released in St. Paul and Father Weber had visited Touhy in Chicago while Factor said he was in the hands of his kidnapers. According to Judge Barnes, Father Weber had told the FBI that "The Touhys are being railroaded for the Hamm and Factor kidnapings; that the government [of Chicago] is corrupt, the judges are wrong, and the Chicago Police Department is dominated by the Capone syndicate." But somewhere between the FBI and State's Attorney Courtney, Father Weber's statement got mislaid.

Father Weber, a parish priest, was famous for his social work. "I've seen him take out his handkerchief and wipe a little kid's nose on the street," Roger told me a few weeks ago. "He tried to help my brother Tommy when Tommy was in trouble about a department-store safe in Indianapolis. That's how I got to know him. It was at the time of the Klan, and Father Weber was after the Klan, too. I knew some fellows down there who were able to get the Klan's membership list for Father Weber. He never knew how they got it, but it broke up the Klan. But his big pitch was this rehabilitation, like they call it, rehabilitation of criminals. He supported everybody in his parish, it was the poorest in town. Me—oh, I was his 'collector.'" The Terrible Touhy grinned as he used the gangster term. "I'd go to fellows I knew and tell them that I had to have money for something that had nothing to do with beer, and they'd give it to me and I'd give it to Father Weber. I never been very religious, you might say, but I know religion when I see it, and he had it good."

While Factor was wherever he was between the night of June 30 and the night of July 12, Father Weber had been at Roger's house and telephoned him half a dozen times. He had done so at the request of Factor's private bodyguards, who claimed they wanted Roger to act as contact man with Factor's kidnapers. Roger, who knew that Factor's bodyguards were Lieutenant Leo Carr of the Chicago Police Department, on sick leave, and a Capone hood named Murray the Camel Humphreys, declined the invitation and had a temporary falling out with Father Weber. When Leo Carr was last heard of, many years later in California, he was still Factor's bodyguard and still on sick leave from the force.

Roger had other alibi witnesses in the first Factor trial, witnesses whom Judge Barnes accepted as truthful when he heard them twenty years later. But Jake the Barber, whose profession was swindling, was, as you may imagine, the perfect witness in every detail. From the plan of a house some of Touhy's men had rented in the suburb of Glenview, Factor identified it as the one he'd been held in. He was blindfolded all the time, he testified, but after he had been held seven days the blindfold was removed "for a few minutes" so that he could write his wife a ransom letter, and it was then that he got a glimpse of Roger Touhy. The defense presented a medical expert who testified that a man blindfolded for seven days would not be able to recognize faces for four or five minutes after sudden exposure to light.

The jury was unable to reach agreement after the first Touhy trial, and the judge set the retrial for eleven days later. William Scott

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Stewart, Touhy's lawyer, presented affidavits from himself and Touhy asking that he be relieved as counsel. The judge told Stewart that if he wasn't in court to represent Touhy he'd go to jail for contempt. Twenty years later Judge Barnes held that the trial court's refusal to let the defendant be represented by counsel of his own choosing "deprived [Roger Touhy] of a fundamental right going to the essence of a fair trial . . . this one error was so fundamental as to vitiate the entire proceedings from a constitutional standpoint."

WHAT had happened – Judge Barnes learned twenty years later –was that Roger wanted to testify in his own defense both in the Hamm and the Factor cases. However, having in mind the interests of all the defendants whom he represented, Stewart considered this inadvisable. If he had let Touhy (who had no criminal record) testify, the other three defendants (who had bad records) would be jeopardized if they didn't testify. Stewart was a smart criminal lawyer, but, whether he wanted to or not, he represented what the law calls "adverse interests," and the trial judge refused to solve his dilemma.

The second trial looked like a repeat performance of the first except for two significant changes. One was that the state did not submit the plan of the Glenview house or ask Factor where he'd been held. Twenty years later Judge Barnes discovered that a dumb but dutiful copper had found the real house where Factor had held himself during those twelve days and had phoned in to Captain Dan to tell him all about it. Captain Dan had told him to keep away from it.

There was a significant change in the defense, too. The advance list of defense witnesses for the second trial did not include the name of Father Weber. All by myself, and without disturbing my city editor, I telephoned to Father Weber in Indianapolis and asked him if it was true that he was not going to testify. He told me to talk to the Bishop of Indianapolis. The Bishop said that no parish priest could participate in public affairs without the consent of his ecclesiastical superiors and that that was all he had to say. When I asked State's Attorney Courtney about it, he said he knew nothing about it.

Tennessee Ike

And then—as the state was closing its case in the second trial—a surprise witness was called to the stand. Isaac Costner, or Tennessee Ike, said that he had participated in the kidnaping with Roger Touhy and the other defendants and he wanted to confess and atone:

Q. Do you see Roger Touhy in this courtroom?

A. (Pointing). That's him.

To support Tennessee Ike's story the state produced Basil the Owl Banghart, who testified that while he had not been in on the kidnaping proper, he and one Charles Ice Wagon Connors, whereabouts unknown, had muscled in on Tennessee Ike's attempt to collect $50,000 in supplementary ransom after Factor was released.

When Basil Banghart stood trial a little later on for his own confessed part in the alleged kidnaping, his lawyer asked, "What is your occupation, Mr. Banghart?" "Thief," said Basil. "What was your last place of permanent residence?" "601 McDonough Boulevard, S.E., Atlanta, Georgia," said Basil, "but it wasn't permanent."

It wasn't until the next day that we found out that 601 McDonough Boulevard was the street address of the Federal penitentiary from which Basil had filed his way out awhile back. ("Stone walls and iron bars do not a prison make, just like the poet says," Basil once told me; and he ought to have known; he had left four penitentiaries "without," as he put it, "permission.")

AFTER Tennessee Ike stepped down from the stand, the reporters scrambled for the door. Who was he? He was a habitual criminal, with a record as long as your arm and halfway back. He had lived on the lam, in and around Knoxville, where he was hiding from the revenuers when he and Banghart were picked up for knocking over a mail truck in Charlotte, North Carolina. Over a weekend between the first and second Touhy trials, Captain Dan and Jake the Barber had gone to Baltimore, where Jake had identified Ike as the "good man" among his kidnapers, and they had all come back together to give Ike the opportunity he craved to testify in the interest of justice.

Twenty years later, a deposition from Tennessee Ike made in Leavenworth Penitentiary was read into the record of Judge Barnes's court, along with the deposition of a dozen people in Knoxville who had seen and done business with him on every one of the twelve days that Jake the Barber had been out of circulation twenty years before. Tennessee Ike deposed that he was in Knoxville, all right, and not in Chicago at the time of the kidnaping and that he did not know Roger Touhy. According to Costner's deposition filed with Judge Barnes, he faced a thirty-year rap for the Charlotte mail job, and the Assistant Attorney General of the United States, Mr. Joseph B. Keenan, had promised him a break if he testified against Touhy. He got the thirty years anyway, and he was very disappointed in Mr. Keenan.

"A COMPLETELY spurious witness," said Judge Barnes. But the jury is the judge of the facts in a lawsuit, and if perjured testimony is presented by the State of Illinois, the victim must go to the State of Illinois with the evidence and get a new trial. If, however, the State of Illinois *knowingly* obtains a conviction on perjured testimony, then the victim obviously cannot get a fair trial from the State of Illinois and he must go to the United States of America with his evidence and ask for relief from an unjust state.

"The evidence discloses," wrote Judge Barnes, "and the court finds that Factor, the state's attorney's office, and the Department of Justice, once the publicity and notoriety originally set in motion by Factor started to avalanche, worked and acted in concert to convict Touhy of something, regardless of his guilt or innocence . . ."

Just in passing, Judge Barnes had an unkind word for the FBI. The court said that "the Department [of Justice] did evince an astounding disregard for Touhy's rights and indulged in practices which, in due regard for the administration of

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justice, cannot be condoned." Some questions were raised: Why was Touhy held, part of the time by the FBI, without being charged with anything? Why did the FBI continue its activity in the case long after it knew that the crime, if any, was not in its jurisdiction? Why did an FBI agent threaten to send an alibi witness for Touhy to prison if he took the stand? Why did the FBI suppress the statements Factor made immediately after his release and also those he made when he saw Touhy in custody and could not identify him?

The Escape Statute

Well, sir, Roger the Terrible Touhy went to prison for ninety-nine years in February, 1934. In October, 1942, when all his petitions for a rehearing had been denied by the state courts, he got so discouraged that in company with six other discouraged parties (including, of course, Basil the Owl Banghart) he worked his way over the wall of the Illinois State Penitentiary and into a handy automobile. Eighty days later the truants were all either killed or captured. Roger was captured, and that, you would think, was curtains for Roger.

The Illinois law provided no penalty for prison breaking when Roger broke prison, but it provided, under a statute which Judge Barnes called "medieval cruelty" and unconstitutional besides, that a prisoner who aided and abetted the escape of another should receive the other's sentence in addition to his own. This statute, Judge Barnes held, violated the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which requires *equal* protection of the laws.

Roger Touhy was doing ninety-nine years, and Eddie Darlak, who escaped with him, was doing 199 years; when they were recaptured, Touhy was convicted of aiding and abetting and was given Darlak's 199-year sentence in addition to his own; Darlak, who had aided and abetted Touhy and given him a gun, was not even indicted. Who cared what they did to Roger the Terrible Touhy?

WHEN ROGER went to prison there was something like $50,000 in the family. For five years

Clara Touhy retained good fee-taking lawyers and then in 1938 she too got discouraged. She took what was left and moved away to bring up her two boys under another name. It was hard on Roger, but she thought she was doing the right thing, and I think Roger thought so too. The last lawyer she went to was the venerable Thomas Marshall, who had prosecuted Governor Len Small and Senator William Lorimer.

Marshall took the case over the vehement protest of his gentlemen's-club associates in the Chicago Bar Association. He got a batch of affidavits from state's witnesses who admitted they had perjured themselves. But the state courts refused to hear the case on its merits, and that was that.

There was another eminent lawyer in Chicago, Thomas McConnell, who had represented investors in England in the case against Factor. McConnell, a big corporation lawyer, was a member of the Chicago Literary Club, one of those sociable little affairs where somebody reads a paper once a month. In 1945, McConnell read a paper on Factor and afterward had a discussion with Charles P. Megan, another club member, in which he disclosed that Factor had admitted to him that he could not identify Touhy. Megan subsequently used this information in an action for Touhy, and McConnell accused him of abusing privileges of the club. But he testified on Touhy's behalf when the case came before Judge Barnes.

When Megan called me one night late in 1945, I was flattered as well as mystified: Megan, just about the most respectable lawyer in Chicago, was president of the Bar Association. He asked me what I thought about the Touhy case, and I told him what I subsequently told when I was in the witness chair in Judge Barnes's courtroom.

There was no money left when Roger's younger sister Ethel persuaded Megan to take the Touhy case. Later on Roger got a $15,000 libel settlement from the movie company that made "Gangster Touhy," which, incidentally, Roger's older son, Roger, Jr., saw one night as entertainment for the G.I.s invading Italy. Later on, the administrator of the United States courts put up the paper-work costs—another $15,000—out of a fund provided for indigent appellants. In 1948, Megan died, still fighting the hopeless case, and Robert B. Johnstone took it. I knew Bob Johnstone in college. He was one of those bright-eyed boys bent on a noble profession. He wasn't going to get rich—and he didn't. He's had one big client for seven straight years now: Roger Touhy, indigent.

Where Are They Now?

Arguing against Judge Barnes in the Court of Appeals, the State of Illinois finally admitted last summer that maybe the testimony that convicted Roger *was* all perjured, but it argued that State's Attorney Courtney and Captain Dan hadn't known about it; therefore there was no "Federal question" and Roger should go on addressing his appeals to the State of Illinois.

Captain Dan rose in the world, too, before he fell. In 1950 he was running for Sheriff of Cook County when the Kefauver Crime Committee came to town and talked to him in secret session. A Chicago *Sun-Times* reporter walked into the printing plant that was printing the Senate committee's records, asked for a copy, and got it—just like that. The records disclosed that Captain Dan, with an annual salary of $9,000, had paid taxes on an income of $45,000 in 1949. The Chicago Crime Commission had protested his reappointment by each of Courtney's successors, always in vain. It wasn't until he was beaten for sheriff in 1950 that the "world's richest policeman" left town.

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Jake the Barber didn't do badly either. After the Touhy conviction, the extradition warrant to England was allowed to lapse at the suggestion, it is said, of a very prominent person. In 1940, Jake applied to the Federal Alcohol Commission for a permit to run a distillery, and guess who appeared as his character witness? Captain Dan. Well, the Commission wasn't impressed, and it denied the permit on the ground that "John Factor is an individual who cannot be believed under oath." Two years later he was convicted in a Federal court of the fraudulent sale of other people's whiskey warehouse receipts and sent to Leavenworth for ten years. He's living in Beverly Hills now, in a $75,000 hovel, and the government is breathing down his neck in the matter of $479,093.27 income taxes for the years 1935-1939.

When Judge Barnes released Roger in 1954, Jake was interviewed in Beverly Hills:

"I took my life and the lives of my family and friends into my own hands when I testified in court about my kidnaping. Does that sound like it was a frame-up?

"I was told by friends the odds against my ever going on the witness stand were 100 to 1 and that I might fear the worst. Yet Judge Barnes condemns me in his decision. I shouldn't have been condemned . . .

"It wasn't so much Touhy and his gang that was on trial at that time. It was kidnaping in this country. If those men had gotten away with that crime God knows what they would have gone on to.

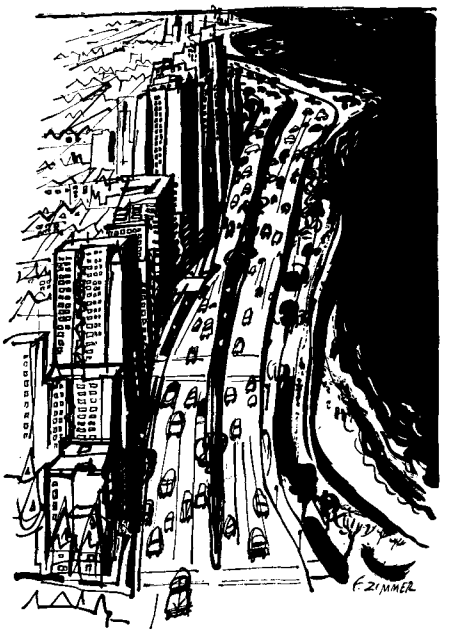
"That's why I risked my life to go to court and testify. Maybe fate singled me out to rid the streets of Chicago of that mob."

ROGER the Terrible Touhy has spent twenty-two years in prison for something he didn't do. He did plenty, but there is no evidence in or out of court that he ever committed a capital crime—or that he wouldn't, of course. Judge Barnes observed, in his written opinion, that Roger was a family man and had never been convicted for a felony or placed on the Chicago Crime Commission's lists of public enemies. It's true that he wasn't legitimate and that he kept very bad company and that he broke a lot of laws. But all that doesn't add up to kidnaping, or to 298 years in prison (ninety-nine with time off for good behavior).

Like Jake the Barber and Captain Dan, Roger was a Valley boy. Seen from the Valley, he might have been worse, much worse. He had never done anything illegal until he was twenty-three, and then he found that his garage business, which was a success, would be even more successful if he used it for beer. He married a decent girl when they were both Western Union operators, and his kids were decent and don't even drink, and there they all were, twenty years afterward, Clara and the children, to claim him for their husband and father in Judge Barnes's courtroom.

The Law's Delays

The U.S. Court of Appeals reversed Judge Barnes's decision last summer on the ground that Touhy had not exhausted his remedies under the Illinois statutes. In 1943 he had filed a petition for a writ of habeas corpus in the U.S. District Court on the ground that he shouldn't have been incarcerated in the first place; but he had neglected to attack the Constitutionality of the escape statute itself. This, said the Court of Appeals last summer, he must do before he could seek relief from a Federal court. In 1954 Judge Barnes held that Touhy *had* exhausted his remedies in Illinois because the Illinois Supreme Court had sustained the Constitutionality of the escape statute in another case. On this point, which the lawyers call a "nice" one and the laymen go to sleep on, the proceeding may go round and round a while longer.



IN REVERSING Barnes last summer, the Court of Appeals dodged the question of the fraudulent kidnaping entirely, saying: "If either of the judgments of conviction under which Touhy is presently serving is valid, there is no need to test the validity of the other." The escape conviction is valid — i.e., binding upon the Federal courts in the absence of a Constitutional challenge by Touhy in the Illinois Supreme Court.

The Court of Appeals did go out of its way to add, as an appropriate comment on the "so-called" escape statute, that "it shocks the conscience when one considers that under the terms of this Act, one escaping prisoner can be sentenced to 199 years while another of the same group may be sentenced to a year or two." In the meantime Roger the Terrible Touhy stands condemned to serve a sentence of 199 years for escaping from a penitentiary in which he was unjustly confined for ninety-nine years in the first place.

TWENTY YEARS is a long, long time. The old clippings under "Factor, John (Jake the Barber)" and "Touhy, Roger (Gangster)" in the reference room of my old paper fall apart when you unfold them now, and so do I. But Roger, when I saw him in prison a while ago, was full of beans.

"I been reading a lot of law books," he told me, "and I got hold of a book by this Voltaire and I read it seven times. That boy's hard to beat."

You know, a fellow doesn't get a chance to read more than one or two really good books in twenty-two years, no matter where he's doing his time. I got to read one recently by a man named Arnold J. Toynbee.. This Toynbee says that one way of judging a civilization is by what it does with its convicted criminals.

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Indonesia: Lovely Dreams And Harsh Realities

PETER SCHMID

JAKARTA

THE INDONESIAN film "Curfew," which won three prizes at the movie festival here last May, impressed western viewers. They were amazed to find that a picture made in the young world of free Indonesia should breathe the same lost-generation defeatism they had known in Europe.

Iskander, the hero of the picture, has served his country well as a guerrilla in its recent war for independence from the Dutch. The good cause won, he plans to return to his bride and civilian life. But he finds the streets of Bandung full of young men like himself whose faces show the hopelessness of those who cannot find their way back. He meets a former comrade-in-arms who has now become a pimp and gambler. Only through the connections of his future father-in-law can Iskander himself get a job. But the ex-guerrilla cannot stand the petty officiousness of all the little bureaucrats. He gets into a fight the first day on his new job. Was this the kind of existence he had gone to war for?

Iskander once tommy-gunned a whole family, and he cannot forget their screams. He had orders, of course. His commander had said they were traitors. Iskander had had uneasy doubts, but one can't disobey orders just because of doubts. He visits his old commander, now a black-market operator, who is still mouthing beautiful patriotic phrases. So this type of man has become the heir of the glorious fight for independence! Moreover, Iskander discovers that his ex-commander stole the property of the family that died by Iskander's own hands. From this moment on the young man drifts toward catastrophe. In his despair he steals away from a party at his bride's house and kills the ex-commander. It is late at night and a strict curfew is in force. As he tries to make his way back, the bullets of a street patrol complete his fate.

Post-Liberation Hangover

It would be a mistake to overrate this depressing document as a portrait of realities in Indonesia today. But neither is "Curfew" just a movie plot manufactured by a few western-

ized intellectuals. In many respects it mirrors the prevailing state of Indonesian public opinion. For not only the intellectuals but the mass of Indonesians as well are suffering from post-liberation hangover. They had dreamed of something different. Kick out the foreign exploiters, they were told, and you yourselves will prosper. Elect leaders from your own ranks, and you will be free. Since winning their freedom in 1949, they have patiently waited for the promised paradise. It has not come.

On September 29 the six-year-old Republic of Indonesia held its first general election, the final results of which, converging from island jungles, may not be in for months. At present President Soekarno's Nationalist Party, which has collaborated with the Communists, is in the lead, while the Communist Party itself is running at almost twenty per cent of the vote. Some western observers see only gloom in this, while others echo statements of Indonesians that the unexpected strength of the Communists is shocking their countrymen into seeing the need of closing ranks against them. But while Indonesia's political future hangs in balance, certain realities are inescapable.

Take the most pressing problem of all, the price of rice, Indonesia's staple. Under the Dutch, an unskilled Javanese laborer could buy ten pounds of rice with his daily wage. Today he earns nine times as much, but at the same time the price of rice has risen so high that he can't buy a third as much as before. Hunger is not a slogan but a daily reality. Today the Indonesian rupiah is the weakest currency on the international money market, worth only a quarter of its official value. How has this come about in a country which is one of the world's richest in raw materials?

One cause is a lack of economic initiative. Free Indonesia produces only a fraction of what it could if foreign entrepreneurs had not lost interest in it because of the insatiable wage demands, the declining man-hour output, and the unpunished thieveries of its largely Communist-led workers. From north Sumatra to Java the traveler sees plantations that are being swallowed by the jungle. They have been abandoned as either uneconomic or unsafe because of bandits, and the native squatters working them cannot save them. Nevertheless, Indonesia's two main export items, oil and rubber, have far exceeded their prewar figures, and experts agree that in spite of all difficulties the economic base of the country is sound.

Using the Presses

The root of the trouble lies in a fantastic budget deficit that last year ran to $400 million (at the

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official exchange rate) and may approach $550 million this year. In order to plug the holes, the government at Jakarta has simply been resorting to the printing press. A large amount of this money goes into maintaining an oversized army of 250,000 men which the régime does not dare cut down for fear that the demobilized soldiers would turn into a horde of jobless, angry Iskanders. Another huge slice is consumed by a locust swarm of fully a million officials, most of whom sit in their offices doing nothing. A bureaucracy of two hundred thousand would be ample.

With the rise in living costs, these officials can no more live on their earnings than their coolie brothers. As a result, corruption is general, and it has been estimated that only thirty per cent of the government expenditures reach their intended destination. There is the case of several merchant ships which the Jakarta government had ordered from German and Italian shipyards. The original bids had included the usual profit margins, but the builders had to grease so many more Indonesian palms than they expected that they were forced to use inferior materials in order to stay within the contracts. As a result the ships were practically useless when delivered.

Furthermore the new government immediately launched a quixotic nationalization policy that left serious-minded economists on the scene aghast. Instead of investing its small available reserves in genuine economic expansion, it used them to buy up existing foreign enterprises such as the Dutch-owned electric corporation and to complete the purchase of the half state-owned Garuda air line. This program, neglecting necessary but unpopular tasks, amounted to sheer demagogy.

Form Without Substance

Such a policy was possible because when Indonesia became independent no clear mandate existed for anybody apart from the new President and tribune of the people, Dr. Soekarno. This far-flung island area of eighty million people found itself lacking both the machinery and the psychological conditions for holding elections. The political parties that had been active in the fight for independence decided by themselves who was

to be a Member of Parliament. None of the new representatives knew whether they had popular backing or not, and most of them were careful not to endanger their imagined popularity by any action. The stick disappeared in favor of the carrot; Parliament became little more than a chatterbox, easily checked at the slightest sign of unruliness by Soekarno with the help of the masses.

Yet this absence of general elections up to that of September, 1955, is not the only reason for the atmosphere of unreality that surrounds the Indonesian democracy. The ruling class of the young state lives isolated from its people in a kind of intellectual vacuum. Most of its intellectuals draw their ideals from western liberalism and socialism. Indeed, there is no other people in Southeast Asia, including the Filipinos, whose intellectual leap into another world has been so sudden or has gone as far as the Indonesians'. The leader of the Socialists, Sutan Sjahrir, is a good example. A glance into his library, where books in several languages are spread out over tables, reveals his cosmopolitan sociological and aesthetic interests. The conversation of this Europeanized Oriental, full of long monologues, seems remote from Indonesia.

After talking to half a dozen Indonesian politicians, one is puzzled by the lack of contrast between their parties and one searches in vain for a justification of the passion with which they fight one another. Even the conservative Nationalists, whose main interest was getting rid of the Dutch, have been influenced by Marhaenism, the Indonesian brand of socialism, and until 1953 they cooperated closely with the Moslem Party and the Socialists. The Communist Party, in fact, is the only one of any importance that stands apart from the humanitarian credo of the others. The observer of Indonesian politics always comes back to the same image: the game in a vacuum. As an American diplomat expressed it, "It is a poker game of a few men who have known each other too long and too well."

Indecisiveness

Foreign observers here doubt whether the recent election can really solve the deadlock. "Indonesian politicians develop beautiful theories," said a European consul, "but once in office they are strangely unable to put even one of them into practice. You will hear the British praised for solving problems pragmatically, and Indonesians like to think this is their own method, too. But they don't realize that the British combine sturdy principles with elasticity, while their own behavior is only a kind of immobility. The fuzziness of the political groups and the permanent makeshift character of the parliamentary government are both the consequence of a basic lack of decisiveness."

Who will finally be able to give direction to this groping and uncertainty? In recent months the idea of replacing the present shadow democracy by some sort of an authoritarian state has found increasing support.

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But the advocates of a revolutionary dictatorship do not face up to the sheer administrative problems caused by the giant size and the diffusion of this island country, spread over 575,893 square miles and extending three thousand miles from east to west. Indonesia is far harder to govern than other Asian states, not to mention the countries of Latin America which otherwise have many difficulties comparable to its own. But in Latin America the excesses of the politicians are tempered by such well-anchored traditional powers as Army and Church. In Indonesia these two traditional crutches have been weakened in the general dissolution.

No Bulwarks

The Indonesian Army is an anomaly in that its officers' corps consists of two distinct elements: Dutch-trained professionals who formerly served in the colonial army, and young guerrillas who gained their experience fighting the Dutch. Three years ago, conflict between the two sides led to an officers' revolt in which Soekarno threw his weight on the side of the guerrilla veterans. Last summer there was another collision. It began with the appointment as Minister of Defense of a man known to have close Communist ties, followed by the naming of a new chief of staff, Colonel Bambang Utojo, whom the army's senior officers flatly refused to accept on the ground that he was a political appointee unfitted for top command. In the resulting stalemate a hard core of defiant colonels forced Soekarno to drop his Ministers and replace them by a caretaker government pending the outcome of the September elections. In effect this meant that Soekarno, who had far exceeded his powers as constitutional President, was cut down to size. Yet although the army could readily have seized power itself, it did not do so. One of the rebellious leaders, Colonel Simbolon, told me that he thought military dictatorship a bad idea and that there were enough reliable politicians on hand to govern. Many officers are followers of the Socialist chieftain and ex-Premier, Sjahrir, who abhors the idea of such dictatorship as fascist.

As for the church, it can become a stabilizing force only if the Moslem Party, now in second place, pushes ahead and wins the election. There is one difficulty: Islam in Indonesia, far from being identified with tradition, is often an unsettling and aggressive force. In the Buddhist countries of Southeast Asia, the gentle Buddhist faith has absorbed time-honored customs, gaining strength through them and in return dignifying them. In pious Burma, religion has permeated all walks of life, and even socialism must explain itself in the language of Buddhism. But in Indonesia dominant Islam has affected pre-Islamic customs only superficially; religion has been unable to blend with tradition.

The Socialists, for their part, would like to ally themselves with the progressive wing of the Moslem Party. But they fear that extreme clerical

and reactionary groups which have split off from it—particularly the back-country "Moslem Scholars Party"—may defeat the moderates in the fanatical Moslem strongholds of east Java, Borneo, and south Sumatra. The Moslem Party then might be trapped into a coalition with the clerical right wing. The Koran would become the law of Indonesia and Islam the state religion. The present religious toleration that permits the celebration of Christian holidays would disappear. The emancipation of women would be postponed indefinitely.

I REALIZED recently when visiting south Sumatra what strict Islamic observance means in the field of morals. A foreign doctor had invited me to join him on a visit to the family of his young nurse, who were prominent in the Moslem community. On the trip, the nurse could not be persuaded to sit with us in the cab of our truck; she climbed into the back instead, rejecting any assistance. She wouldn't even take a helping hand from a man when she jumped down after we had arrived. Local newspapers violently attacked another foreign doctor for smoking a cigarette in public during the month of fasting; and when he gave a dancing party for some Chinese friends, stones rained through the windows. Only "depraved foreign movies" show kissing scenes, and they are interrupted by flashlights and jeers. Anyone who wants to protect his good reputation in the community is supposed to cover his eyes when such scenes occur.

The menace of the extreme Moslem sects consists less in their obscurantism than in their ties with the numerous political bandit groups that are openly fighting the government in north Sumatra, west Java, south Celebes, and south Borneo. These insurgents, equipped with modern arms from secret sources, are campaigning under the sign of the crescent and exploiting the separatist tendencies prevalent in many parts of the island domain. Yet these insurgents are not quite the deadly bandits that Westerners often make them out to be. Indonesians who have had contact with them assure me unanimously that they are men of more honor than the soldiery or the police. It is a Robin Hood kind of honor, to be sure. I recently spent several days in the mountains of west Java, where tea plantations are raided almost nightly. You hear a knock on the door and a young man introduces himself as an officer of the rebels and says politely: "I am sorry to have to disturb you. But we have learned that you received four thou-

(Continued on page 26)

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sand rupiahs yesterday for your payroll. I hope you don't mind. You must understand that we have to live too." Meanwhile his confederates search the house. They are often more interested in food than cash. The bandits do not behave like ordinary robbers. Smilingly they ask the plantation director, "May we take that?" Equally polite, he answers, "You may take nothing, but if you take it anyway I can't stop you." The insurgents look upon this outlaw life of theirs as only a regrettable, temporary necessity.

In general, the whites have little to fear from them. On the contrary, since they look on the xenophobic government at Jakarta as illegal, they often consider Europeans their allies.

In districts under strong outlaw pressure it is only natural that the planters should co-operate with them rather than with the remote government. "Army units constantly turn up here making requisitions," complained the owner of a rubber plantation in north Sumatra. "But if I really need army protection, they arrive hours late, after the raid is over. Many of my neighbors have made deals with the outlaws—so many thousand rupiahs per month in return for peace and quiet and protection against the army. They make out better that way. But it's dangerous."

The Communists

In campaigning against the outlaws, the government accuses them of complicity with the ejected Dutch. But this is purely a myth designed to cover up the Nationalists' own failure to improve conditions. On the other hand, the Nationalists themselves have been receiving support from the Communists. They say they haven't sought it; it has simply fallen into their laps. Still, in their hatred of white people and foreign capitalism in particular, the Nationalist left wing, up to and including the President of the Republic, speaks much the same language as the Communists, with the single difference that to them economic independence means an end in itself, while to the Communists it is only a step toward a goal of their own.

NOWHERE in the world have I encountered such affable Communists as in Indonesia. They lack the intellectual arrogance and dogmatism of their European comrades. Their outgoing, polite behavior stands out in contrast to the mistrust, even unfriendliness, one often encounters as a visting journalist in Indonesia. In Surabaya I visited the office of the Communist-led labor union accompanied by an interpreter of the government information service. All the clerks left their desks to join eagerly in the conversation. The proletarian background of the secretary-general, Mulanu, was more obvious than that of the others; his features are heavy, the look in his eyes was partly embarrassed, partly defiant. He had worked on a railroad and attended a technical school before the Japanese sent him and two thousand other forced laborers to Thailand.

After the war he helped organize the union, which at first enjoyed a monopoly. When it became clear that the union was Communist-dominated, competing Socialist and Islamic groups started their own in 1950. Mulanu smiled when I asked him about the strength of the rivals. They were not worth talking about, he said; not only was his union holding its own, it was growing stronger every day. Why create politically colored unions at all? he asked. His own welcomed workers of all political opinions. Did I want to see, for example, a holy man in their midst? All I had to do was to look at the information secretary, Fadkur Hadi, whose smooth face was smiling at me from across the table. He hailed from Tuban, an Islamic stronghold on the northern coast. His father, a wealthy businessman, had acquired the title of Hadj and religious leader after a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the boy had been schooled by another Hadj who had even been Minister of Religion but who had steered him nonetheless into Communist company.

Was Fadkur a Communist now? I asked him how he was bringing up his own three children. That was the business of his very pious wife, he answered. Yet he wasn't sending them to a religious school, because he thought that actual education was more important than moral instruction. "If society is just, individuals will be just too," he said.

The Indonesian Communists try hard not to look like wild men, and with good reason. In 1948, at the height of Indonesia's fight against

the Dutch, the Communists tried to seize power by a putsch in Madiun. This stab in the back of the republic has not been forgotten. Nor do the proudly nationalistic Indonesians like the Communist Party's dependence on Moscow and Peking. Had the pictures of Queen Wilhelmina been torn down simply to be replaced by those of Lenin, Stalin, and Mao? No wonder the Indonesian Communists try hard to look like loyal citizens who support the government. Pictures of foreign leaders have disappeared from their parades; only those one sees most frequently

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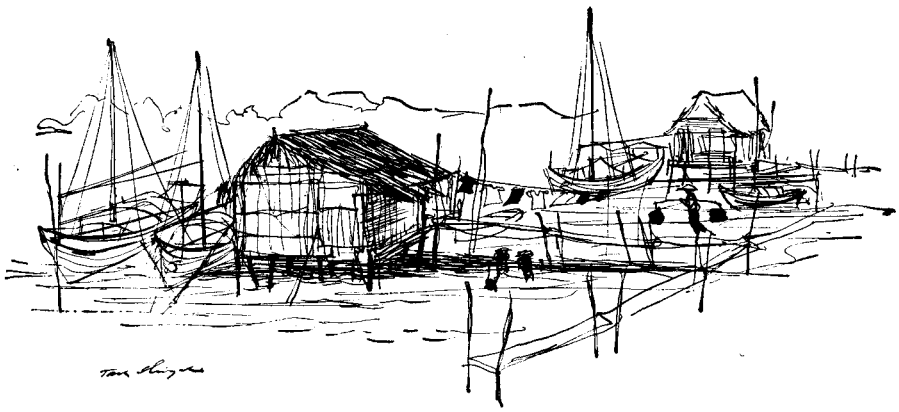

are the faces of the "martyr" Muso, who died in the Madiun putsch, and of the new leader, Aidit, who is not, in Indonesian popular opinion, tainted by 1948.

The Front Man

Aidit is no orator. He cannot stir the masses, nor can he combine pathos, irony, bonhomie, and wit as President Soekarno does with such success. Aidit is an intellectual with a round, benign face who is given to the abstract and the scholarly. His enemies say that Moscow made him party leader only because such an innocent young man would be good bait.

With his party running up one-fifth of the vote, Aidit has evidently been a shrewd choice. The Indonesian election campaign was largely a battle of posters displaying hammer and sickle, the star of the Socialists, the Moslem crescent, and the snorting bull of the Nationalist Party.

A whole menagerie of cocks, tigers, fishes, and even umbrellas represented the small splinter parties. Crescent and hammer and sickle seemed the two big rivals. If one had tried to forecast the election results simply by counting posters, he would have concluded that the future Parliament might be altogether smothered by solid Moslem and Communist blocs.

Indonesians have odd ways with posters. One day I was surprised to see the rival symbols next to each other in the garden of a friend. "What is Communist propaganda doing on your lawn?" I asked him. "Somebody put it there," he said with a shrug. When I asked him why he didn't take it down, he replied, "Why should I antagonize the people who took the trouble to put it there?"

WITHOUT DOUBT, the Indonesian Communist Party's face-lifting process helped increase its strength. The Nationalist Party, on the other hand, after carelessly accepting this dangerous ally, awoke very late to the fact that its false friends have infiltrated Nationalist strongholds like central Java and largely taken over the peasant and worker organizations.

Furthermore, the Communists' main campaign argument struck home to even the simplest Indonesian, especially since all patriots are to some degree in accord on it. Indonesia, they claim, got the worst of it at the 1949 peace negotiations in the Hague. It assumed the debts of the former colonial government, thereby leaving its own household in disorder. Yet all of its banking and eighty-five per cent of its foreign trade remain in the hands of Dutch firms.

The Cow

"The money that Dutch capitalist exploiters take out of Indonesia every year," Aidit recently shouted, "would buy a cow for each Indonesian family!" It is true that the flags of the Dutch steamship line and of the Shell Oil Company still flutter atop the company offices in Jakarta, and are a constant eyesore to Indonesian nationalists. The government has tried hard to break the trading monopoly of the Dutch and Chinese, but to little avail. It has granted credits and issued import licenses to native entrepreneurs who, lacking experience and foreign connections, simply turn around and sell their licenses to the established importers.

Indonesia's 1949 agreement to pay off the foreign debts incurred by the Dutch colonial government furnishes an inexhaustible target for present-day demagogues. A large percentage of this money had been borrowed from the United States, Australia, and Canada to finance the war against the Japanese. Indirectly, it also helped defend the Dutch colonial empire against the Indonesian nationalists, and they now point out that Great Britain had paid India rather than charge it for its participation in the war, and that Indonesia should not be expected to pay for arms that were used to oppose its independence. Nationalists and Communists alike now propose to start from scratch. They want to cancel the economic agreements of the 1949 conference, to expropriate all foreign companies, to end the government's leases of plantations, and to conduct all economic activities by themselves—hoping for that cow for every Indonesian family.

SO IT IS likely that a demagogy which indiscriminately blames Dutch and Yankee imperialism for all economic ills will continue to have considerable appeal. Neutralism and economic introversion are probably the most the West can expect in Indonesia in any case.

There remains the question of what impact the threatening size of the Communist vote may have on the country's other parties. It may draw them together into a coalition of religious and nationalist groups, who presumably would then cleanse themselves and form a government without Communist participation. The work of building such a united front would be difficult in an inexperienced, disorganized country where the Communists themselves have been playing the game of united front. But the army officers' corps, which has been standing circumspectly in the wings since its recent show of power, would undoubtedly lend it encouragement.

Other palliatives have failed in Indonesia. But shock treatment may work. The easygoing Indonesian, absorbed in his fabulously rich new inheritance and convinced that the West has done him in, may yet realize who has designs on him for the future.

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The Lord Archbishop Of Canterbury

S. L. SOLON

Unavoidably, in the trouble that recently beset the British royal family, the doctrinal position of the Church of England on divorce had to be stated again. Here is a portrait of the man upon whom this task fell.

DR. GEOFFREY FRANCIS FISHER, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, is probably the best after-dinner speaker in the United Kingdom. One of the stories he likes concerns the New Yorker who emerged from a newsreel theater after viewing a film of the Coronation. "Well, whaddya know," said the man. "Imagine letting a Commie put the crown on her!"

However, the Most Reverend and Right Honourable the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, who takes precedence over the Prime Minister at royal functions, is not always amused by the occasional confusion in the public mind abroad between himself and the Soviet-admiring 81-year-old Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, Dr. Hewlett Johnson.

In the House of Lords the Archbishop once described the Red Dean as "blind, unreasonable, and stupid." Although their residences in Canterbury are only three hundred yards apart, Archbishop and Dean limit their meetings to necessary formal occasions. According to the rules, the Archbishop must apply to the Dean when he wishes to enter Canterbury Cathedral and this permission may never be withheld. It is only occasionally that tempers fray and ecclesiastical voices have an edge. A pro-Communist Dean for England's venerable temple? It is the price we pay for freedom, explains the Archbishop. Get rid of me? Not likely, responds the Dean. A sovereign appointed me and a sovereign will have to dismiss me.

THE MAN who now holds the strange, powerful, and ill-understood office of Archbishop of Canterbury is not easily placed in any clerical category. As scholar and theologian he does not rank with the inflexible Cosmo Gordon Lang, who more than anyone was responsible for the abdication of Edward VIII. He is not as visibly spiritual a man as was his predecessor William Temple. Nor is Dr. Fisher a crusading evangelist.

The Administrator

The present Archbishop is first of all an administrator, efficient, forceful, and benign. When he was notified of his promotion in 1945 he said, "Nobody can fill Archbishop Temple's place and I am not going to attempt to do so. But since this has been put upon me—and I am told it is my duty—I shall do my best."

Dr. Fisher's best has greatly helped restore the material fortunes of the Church of England. Demolished edifices have risen from the ashes of war. Vicars are getting more money and the great church investments have been pruned and improved. The once lively controversy about the link between church and state in England is now dormant. Even disestablishment no longer arouses the passionate support it once mustered. "Disestablishment now would strike absolute terror into . . . hard-pressed Christians throughout Europe," the Archbishop said in November, 1949. "I know how close are the bonds in many ways between the Church of England and the churches of other denominations on the Continent."

The Archbishop's insistence on including the Moderator of the Church of Scotland in the Coronation ceremonies went a long way toward cementing relations among the different churches within the British Isles. He has been successful as a church diplomat, compromiser, and organizer. Those who saw him crown the young Queen know that he is a cleric of imposing presence.

Dr. Fisher is a good mixer. He was headmaster of Repton, one of the classic public schools, for eighteen years, and his own large family (six sons) has given him a healthy and humorous approach to life.

Speaking to a Pilgrim Society audience of his trip to the United States he said, "I was welcomed as a kind of fossil primate persisting from the first Archbishop in A.D. 597—a kind of human coelacanth."

At a London dinner a speaker told the story of a half-dozen generals and a bishop waiting in a queue after a severe battle to get into heaven. St. Peter glanced down the line and asked the bishop to step forward. The generals protested that the bishop should take his turn as he was at the end of the queue. "That may be so," said St. Peter. "However, I have had a number of generals through here and this is the first time I have seen a bishop." Dr. Fisher led the laughter.

WHEN the Archbishop tours his diocese he points to his magnificent fur-lined coat with its thick fur collar and says, "Do not mistake me for a film magnate. This is a gift from friends in the United States. I could never afford to buy one." He jokes about the American who came up to him in the street, studied his gaiters, and remarked, "Say, what a cute idea." And of the woman in Indiana who said, "What I like about the Archbishop is that he talks such good English."

The Archbishop is extraordinarily popular with London financiers, who feel that he speaks their language and saves the church from stuffiness. His worldliness, however, displeases other Anglicans, and it particularly irritates some of the clergy, who feel that in the present period of decline in the church's influence its titular head should concern himself more with spiritual leadership and less with social graces. A canon who blurted out in the Lower House of Convocation, "We are tired of clever administrators and brilliant schoolmasters on the episcopal bench," evidently had more than a little support.

Leadership and Authority

Dr. Fisher's lack of encouragement to original thinking and his tend-

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ency to give preferment to the "safe" subordinate and the practical administrator have been roundly criticized by such independent authorities within the Church of England as *Crockford's Clerical Directory*. "There are now few who are able or who dare to say, with any hope of influence," says the anonymous but powerful spokesman of the *Directory*, "anything but what the controlling mentality wishes to hear." The Church Assembly, composed of the bishops and elected representatives from the lower clergy and lay bodies, is traditionally the arbiter of church policy and guards this power jealously. The *Directory* charges that Dr. Fisher sometimes claims without warrant to speak for the entire church. "So far there has been little cause for apprehension. But we think it not among the prerogatives of the see of Canterbury that when its holder expresses his views he necessarily does so 'on behalf of the Church of England.'"

To all this the supporters of Dr. Fisher's methods reply that a weak man or a vague one cannot lead the Church of England, which more nearly resembles a federation of autonomous churches than a monolithic communion. Dr. Fisher must not only reconcile doctrinal differences and high-church and low-church controversy over ceremonial; he must justify such anachronisms as the power still in the hands of private landowners to bestow benefices, as they have done since the Middle Ages. Although he has only a single vote in the Church Assembly which usually sits three times a year, and his own diocese is rather small, embracing only three-quarters of a million communicants in lovely manor-studded Kent, the Archbishop is regarded as the leader of the whole church, in spite of the *Directory*, and he must speak as such even if at times it is not convenient to indicate the precise limits of his authority.

Troubles with the Press

Dr. Fisher does not appear perturbed about the bad press he is getting from the popular newspapers, which often criticize his policies and pronouncements.

Recently he was asked about a statement attributed to him while

Wide World

Princess Margaret, Dr. Fisher, and Dean Johnson

on his African tour that all men are not equal in the sight of God. The Archbishop replied: "I made the distinction because of the common tendency to think in terms of mathematical equality. To say that all are equal in the sight of God means that God does not observe the difference between people. But they all share equally His love." To this, on the following Sunday, the intellectual weekly *Observer*, owned by the Astors, respectfully noted that theologians had always interpreted the text to mean that "All men are of *equal value* in the sight of God . . ."

Dr. Fisher was asked whether he had in fact said that if Christ returned He would have nothing to say on social and political problems. The Archbishop replied: "If He arrived here and was asked what are the rights and wrongs of this dock strike, you would not have any answer that went into a headline. Perhaps you would hear, 'Love your neighbor as yourself.'"

In Britain, where press treatment of royalty is usually ritualistic, the Archbishop's influence over the Crown has been openly and unprecedently questioned by some newspapers. John Gordon, editor-in-chief of Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express*, asked in his column: "Is the Queen slipping out of the clutches of the Duke of Norfolk [a Catholic] and the Archbishop of Canterbury?" After pointing out that several persons who had dined with the Queen that week had been in the divorce courts, Mr. Gordon remarked, "I hope the Queen enjoyed her evening amid the sinners. . . . But I hope her Duke and her Primate didn't give her too severe a wigging." (The Duke of Norfolk sets the admission rules for the Queen's enclosure at Ascot and conducts himself like a courtier at a medieval court. Recently when a stroke of lightning killed two people and injured ninety more at an Ascot race meeting, the Duke expressed his wish that the press "would not make too much of the incident.")

The five-million-circulation *Sunday Pictorial* refers to Dr. Fisher as "The Out-of-Touch Archbishop." A recent editorial said, "There are voices in the Church which say that the ex-headmaster Archbishop treats his bishops as masters, his canons as prefects, and his clergy as boys. What role he allots to the millions of ordinary folk who nominally make up the bulk of his church membership grows increasingly unclear. What *is* clear is that too many pews in Dr. Fisher's churches are empty."

The Ecumenical Movement

Dr. Fisher has certainly worked hard. Between his early start and the end of the day, when he comes down to the kitchen at one in the morning for a chocolate cookie and a glass of milk, he has been on the go constantly with conferences, documents, audiences, and business affairs.

His business acumen is such that

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the Roman Catholics were content that he should represent their interests as well as those of his own church in negotiations with the War Damage Commission involving many millions of pounds for destroyed church property.

Dr. Fisher knows from close experience how scattered are the energies of a divided church. The cause closest to his heart is that of church unity, and he has done a great deal to help realize it. "Schism is among us all," he once said. "No one is 'inside' and no one is 'out.' We all belong to one another." The Church of South India, which united Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and the Dutch Reformed Churches of South India, and is the first organizational union of major Christian churches since the Reformation, is largely Dr. Fisher's creation.

At present he faces a threat from the Annunciation group (which opposes the recognition of the Church of South India) to secede. The Archbishop will weather this ecclesiastical storm; the Church of England will once again demonstrate its elasticity.

Perhaps he is more disappointed because he has been unable to draw his communion closer to the Church of Rome. On his study wall there is a photograph of himself and Pope Pius XII. His son married a Roman Catholic. The Archbishop expected a growing rapprochement between the churches after the war. More recently his bitter and much-criticized use of the term "apartheid" to characterize the Roman position has shown his disappointment.

DR. FISHER does not hide the fact that now and then he is overwhelmed by the problems he must cope with. He tells what may be a revealing story of how he handles some of them. "I was taking a class in mathematics. As I drew the diagram on the blackboard I realized that I did not know the answer. Turning to a clever boy I said, 'Just show them how to do this.' He said, 'Sir, I don't know.' That was my worst moment. But in case you want to know how to get out of such a situation, this is what I did: I talked extremely hard, joined lines all over the place, ended up Q.E.D.—and rubbed it all out."

The Nightmare Adventure Of Irving Markheim

PAUL JACOBS

IRVING MARKHEIM had his first contact with the Officials during the depression. A member of the California National Guard, he had volunteered to join the Communist Party as an unpaid undercover agent. From around 1932 to 1937, M. reported to official Officials of the Guard, the Los Angeles Police Department, and the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service as well as to an unofficial Official, who was a member of the board, executive secretary, and office manager of the Better America Federation, a patriotic organization.

The Officials were glad that M. had joined the Reds. For some time, Communist Party literature had been found in the lockers of the Guardsmen and M. was assigned to trace its source.

The party, too, was glad that M. had joined it, because now it could get its literature into the Guardsmen's lockers much more easily. Under his party name of John Burton, M. became Literature Agent. As one of his duties, every week he carried a bundle of literature to the National Guard armory, where he turned it over to his commanding officer, who then destroyed it, after putting a note in the newspaper that more Communist material had been found in the lockers. It was a convenient arrangement for everybody.

FOR FIVE YEARS, Markheim-Burton remained in the party and made reports. In 1938, after he had left, he gave an affidavit to the House Special Committee on Un-American Activities. He also made a deposition, as a government witness, at the 1939 deportation proceedings against Harry Bridges.

After the Bridges hearing, M. worked for the Federal Communications Commission until he went into the Navy in 1942. Badly wounded, he was discharged in 1944 with a hundred per cent disability pension and was employed in 1945 by the U.S. Maritime Service as a Chief Pharmacist's Mate.

IN 1949, M. ran for Congress and had to leave his government job under the terms of the Hatch Act. He volunteered to become a candidate, he says, at the urging of "some civic leaders and leaders of various veterans' organizations . . ." who were interested in defeating a Democratic candidate.

So M. ran in the Democratic primary and was, he claims, "instrumental" in making the other Democrat lose. The Republican candidate, who was re-elected, later became the present mayor of Los Angeles.

After the election, M. attempted to return to his job with the Maritime Service. But he now had to fill out Form 57, the government employment application. The big question on the form began, of course, "Are you now or have you ever been . . . ?"

"Yes," wrote M. proudly, and he went on to explain about Markheim-Burton, the volunteer unpaid undercover agent who had made reports.

'Self-Confessed'

The Maritime Service had no job for M. He says that he was told privately that as a self-confessed Communist he was a security risk.

"But," pleaded M., "I became a Communist for the best of reasons, because I was patriotic. That's why I made reports, gave an affidavit, and made a deposition."

No matter. The policy is that self-confessed Communists are security risks. After all, if the Officials started looking into the motives of people who had joined the party, all kinds of problems could follow. Lots of people who were security risks had probably joined the party for what they thought were good motives. And they had left, too, but they were still risks. Oh no, looking into motives would make lots of trouble.

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So M. wasn't rehired by the Maritime Service. Then, he says, he applied to other government agencies but always he had to answer the big question. And since each agency had its own security procedure, it always took five or six months to clear him. By that time, if he was cleared, the job was gone.

Finally M. got a position as court bailiff for a Federal judge in Los Angeles. But the judge was assigned to preside at the trial of the California Communist leaders, and M. says he had to resign because some of the defendants in the trial knew him when . . .

Once again, in 1952, after doing all kinds of odd jobs to support himself, his daughter, and his now seriously ill wife, he ran for Congress. And again he was defeated in the primary. More odd jobs and futile attempts to get government employment.

M. WENT to Washington early in 1955 to plead with the Officials. He saw a Republican Congressman and a Republican Vice-President's administrative assistant. Both were sympathetic to his cause and indicated that they were going to take the matter up.

Taking the matter up somehow involved the Republican National Committee. Once more M. filled out the form and sent it to the Committee. It got lost. Three more times he filled out and sent in the form and three more times it got lost. Finally, after appealing again to the Republican Congressman and the Republican Vice-President's administrative assistant, he sent another form directly to the Congressman, who personally turned it over to the Committee.

Still nothing happened. So M. called the Committee's office in Washington and was told by the lady handling the matter that little could be done for him since after all it was right there in black and white that he was a self-admitted Communist.

M. then talked to the senior Republican Senator from California. Nothing happened. Giving up, M. again called the Committee to ask that all his papers be returned to him. But the lady handling the matter was no longer there.

And the papers? They're lost.

'SHOOTING OUR OWN SENTRIES'

ERIC SEVAREID

SECRETARY OF STATE DULLES has been confronting Molotov of Russia once more at Geneva. Sitting just behind Mr. Dulles is a distinguished-looking, slightly weary-looking career diplomat, Ambassador to the Soviet Union Charles E. Bohlen. Mr. Bohlen is the only expert with a commanding scholarly and practical knowledge of the Soviet state remaining in the Federal service; when he retires, which may be soon, the State Department will have no one of comparable capacity to deal with the massive problems of the Soviet monolith. And Bohlen is available today only because the department, in his case, stood up to the assaults of Senator McCarthy.

We have no ambassador to the Korean Republic today. One reason, though not the only reason, is that there is no one left in the career service eligible for that rank who also has real Far Eastern experience; a career man is desirable because Korea is what is termed a "hardship post" in the service, one to which political appointees do not easily accept appointment. The department may have to turn to the ranks of the military to fill this post. The career ambassador who has just left Korea, William Lacey, is a very sick man. He was a sick man when he was sent there, and he was sent there because he was the only eligible in the career service with any measure of firsthand Far Eastern experience—and the measure was a small one.

AT THE HEIGHT of its world responsibilities, the United States diplomatic service is virtually denuded of true experts on Russia and China, both of which happen to be closed societies about which even simple facts and figures are hard to come by, to say nothing of their accurate interpretation. This situation is the most glaring aspect of a general thinning out of the diplomatic ranks, due to the vast increase in posts and tasks around the world and to these years of political cannonading at the State Department—the cannonading and the failure of the department to protect its people from political shot and shell.

There is now, in fact, an unwritten rule in the department, governing career appointments to high posts; it is called "political acceptability." It means that no one can be considered, whatever his personal integrity and experience, if there is any reason to think he can be shot at from Capitol Hill.

Recently, an authoritative voice was raised in a fervent plea that this general condition, dangerous to the country's security, be put to rights. The plea is made by former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, who may be accused of various mistakes but cannot possibly be accused of any softness in regard to Communism and security. Writing in *Collier's* magazine, he calls the diplomatic service our first line of peacetime defense, and he says it is time that we stop shooting our own sentries.

He points out that not one but four fine-tooth combs have been run through the State Department. It has been investigated again and again by committees under Democrats and committees under Republicans. The time has come, he writes, "to sweep away the clouds of suspicion and let these people work in the full vigor of the sun." Otherwise they cannot serve us well. And otherwise the best young minds in the colleges will not enter this service; in recent years, indeed, they have refused in disturbingly large numbers. Byrnes wants to see the Wriston program of nation-wide Foreign Service scholarships carried out, to triple the present overworked personnel. He asks, also, that they be protected from political attack. A Member of Congress, he says, who publicly puts the blame for a mistake on his staff "would be deemed unworthy of his office."

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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The Prettiest Reactor Ever Built

LAURA FERMI

On the grounds of the Palais des Nations, among cypresses and poplars, cedars, and chestnut trees, there was, during the Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, an elegant chalet of stained pine bearing the United States emblem of Atoms for Peace. Inside it the ceiling was gray and the floor dark red; through a circular hole in the floor ten feet in diameter the prettiest reactor ever built emerged from water like Venus at her birth, and above floor level it sparkled with the polished aluminum of its compact cluster of instruments. The thin control rods that came out of the instruments extended downward and reached inside the reactor core bathing at the bottom of the "swimming pool" under twenty feet of perfectly clear water. So clear was it that the fuel elements forming the core and the aluminum plates forming the elements could be seen in detail.

If an object were inadvertently dropped in the pool by a visitor leaning out on the protective rail, it would have seemed to float: An inch or so below the water level there was a plastic lid so transparent that it went unnoticed.

When a light was turned on under the water the whole structure became softly illuminated in greenish aqueous tones; but when the reactor was in operation and its power had reached ten kilowatts, the lights were turned out, and an intense blue glow appeared in the water around the fuel elements—the Cerenkov radiation. Such was the spirit of Geneva that the scientists who acted as guides at the reactor exhibit never forgot to mention to the visitors, with a smile for those from the Soviet Union, that this radiation was named for the Russian chemist who had first produced it.

To this building came the President on July 20, during the top-level conference of the Big Four, to see this reactor only two days after it had been tested for the first time in Geneva. The Presidential party would have not been large, perhaps fifty people, except for a crowd of newspapermen and photographers who for the first time since the opening of the conference had a chance to come close to the President. So the photographers climbed onto the showcases around the walls, which illustrated reactor technology and research; onto the electronic "simulator," which imitated all phases of reactor performance; and onto all the ladders that the workmen were able to provide. Photographers were all over the place. If the guards had not kept them away they would have scrambled onto the platform atop the reactor where the most delicate instruments were adjusted. A scientist related later, with a grin, that for the next few days he and his colleagues were busy washing off fingerprints.

Soon President Eisenhower left the crowd to walk with scientists into the control room behind a glass partition. He pushed a button and within five minutes the control rods were out. The instruments slowly registered an increase of power from zero up to ten kilowatts and eventually to one hundred. Mr. Eisenhower asked many questions. Why did the three red sticks looking like flattened Christmas candles, which reproduced the motion of the control rods on the panel, not move at the same speed? How were radioisotopes produced in the pool? What did each instrument actually record? And the scientists explained: The control rods are withdrawn out of the reactor core slowly enough to keep the chain reaction in check and one of them is raised even more slowly to give finer control. Radioisotopes are formed when the neutrons freed during the process of uranium fission are made to hit various substances; these can be placed in special capsules on a holder in the water near the core, and after they have been irradiated they can be removed with long tongs.

As the President emerged from the control room he made a short speech:

". . . I am very pleased that our country is able here to establish this reactor to help the scientists of the world to make progress along the lines of peaceful use of atomic energy . . . I hope that private business and professional men throughout the world will take an interest, and provide an incentive in finding ways in which this new science can be used. In the meantime, I hope that everybody who gets a chance to see this [reactor] will learn that there are really many, many ways in which atomic science can be used for the benefit of mankind and not destruction. . . ."

The Pilgrims

During the two weeks of the conference more than sixty thousand persons visited the swimming-pool reactor. They waited in long lines outside the chalet. Pretty girls from the School of Interpreters of the University of Geneva gave them guided tours in the one of the four official languages—English, French, Spanish, and Russian. The visitors stared open-mouthed, leaning on the railing of the pool. In front of the showcases they scribbled notes on pads, on bits of paper, on the reactor brochures that were handed them at the door. They asked questions. And the girl interpreters switched from one language to another, reverting to English to seek help from the Ph.D.s always at hand if the questions got too technical.

On August 20 at noon, the reactor and the building became the property of the Swiss government. Switzerland, the first country to acquire a reactor under President Eisenhower's Atoms for Peace program, purchased, it is true, slightly used merchandise, but at the bargain price of $180,000. With the reactor went the obligation of restoring the grounds of the Palais des Nations to their previous condition: to tear down the chalet, fill the deep hole in which the tank had stood, bring back a spruce tree which, sadly tied in ropes,

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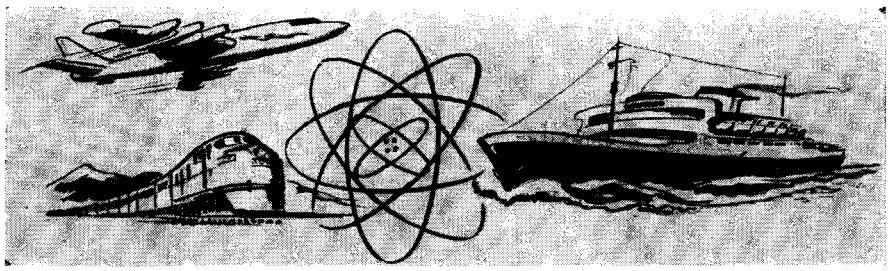
had waited on a spot uphill where it was temporarily transplanted. Being the gift of one of the United Nations member countries, it was to be saved at all costs.

The Idea

The idea of exhibiting a real reactor in Geneva was conceived at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, in the fall of 1954, before the United Nations had officially called the conference but when the scientists were already discussing the contributions that the United States could make to the success of the probable future international gathering.

One night, in one of Oak Ridge's identical homes, a young physicist woke up his wife to get her opinion about a thought he had just had. Many foreign physicists visiting the town, he said, had professed skepticism about the possibility of doing something conclusive with the six kilograms of fissionable uranium-235 that President Eisenhower had offered to lease to foreign countries. Then why not build a reactor with that same amount of atomic fuel and send it to Geneva to demonstrate the possibilities of Eisenhower's proposal? There is no record whether the wife gave her husband the encouragement he was seeking. Soon, however, the idea started on a long trip around lunch and conference tables. Eventually it reached Washington and the Atomic Energy Commission building. Everywhere it received the same reception: "It would be wonderful to display a working reactor in Geneva. But it cannot be done; it would take three years at least." "We can do it," replied the scientists from Oak Ridge. "We will."

In February, plans started to take shape, but only early in March was official sanction obtained and real activity started. Most of the men at Oak Ridge could not leave the work they were already doing during the day and so devoted night hours to the reactor: from seven in the evening to as late as two in the morning. This schedule was particularly efficient, one of them explained later in the quiet tone of the researcher not impressed with his own achievements, because they could figure out their requirements one night, place orders accordingly in the shop the next morning on their way to their regular business, and have the necessary equipment ready by the evening, when they would return to the reactor project.



The Test

On June 3, after three months of intense study and work, the reactor for Geneva was ready to be tested. A reactor of similar type was in operation at Oak Ridge; its core was immersed in a large rectangular tank, truly a "swimming pool." The water in it acted as coolant, dispersing the heat generated by the chain reaction; as moderator, slowing down the neutrons originated in the fission process; and as protective shielding to absorb radiations. Besides, it permitted perfect visibility of the core and of the experiments in progress, a unique feature, for usually all that can be seen is a concrete wall. On the night of June 3-4 the Geneva reactor was the guest of honor in the swimming pool: The regular inhabitant, the Oak Ridge reactor, which could slide back and forth, had retired to the far end of the pool.

Around the pool all men held their breaths. What machine as delicate as this, what controls, what measuring instruments do not need some adjustment when first tested? And what adjustment does not require many days of patient work? The deadline was in everyone's mind: Any delay might make it impossible to have the reactor working in Geneva for the conference. But the well-deserved miracle took place. The reactor worked perfectly; it was brought to full power, then stopped and started again fourteen times in succession. At three in the morning the scientists went to bed with their minds at ease.

The Flight

The reactor was allowed to "cool" for several weeks, until it was no longer radioactive. It was then disassembled and packed in forty specially built crates and sent by truck to the Tyson McGhee Air Force Base at Knoxville, Tennessee, the closest city to Oak Ridge. By 9:30 A.M. June 30 two planes were ready on the ground: a C-54 and a huge C-124 Globemaster, the largest transport plane of the United States Air Force. The Globemaster had swung open the big doors under its nose and lowered its ramp; fork trucks shuttled busily in and out of the plane over this ramp; they inserted their two prongs under bulky crates, lifted them, drove up into the big belly of the Globemaster, and backed out empty. Another opening toward the tail was equipped with its own elevator to receive and lift smaller packages. The crate containing the control panel proved too large even for the fork trucks: it was eleven by eight by three feet in size and looked like a huge monolith. It had to be hoisted up the ramp with winches and ropes.

By 3:30 in the afternoon the 30,500 pounds of reactor components valued at $350,000 were at their proper place inside the Globemaster; the crew and three guards had climbed in their cabin above the space for the freight, and eight more guards took their seats in the C-54, together with the official "baby sitter" who carried in his pocket the first export license ever issued for a reactor. The signal was then given and the planes took off.

They arrived in Geneva after a thirty-three-hour flight. "We were wise," said the Oak Ridge scientists who had come to reassemble the reactor in its new home in Switzerland, "to put all parts on one plane. If an accident had occurred to the Globemaster we would have gone home for a vacation. But if a smaller plane with only a few crates were lost, we would again have worked eighteen hours a day, as in Oak Ridge, to rebuild the missing parts."

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MOVIES: The Shakespeare Boom

ROBERT BINGHAM

WE MUST be grateful for just about any serious production of one of Shakespeare's plays. The words, after all, were not meant to be looked at but listened to, and the meaning of the action can be made clear far more easily by actors on a stage than by scholarly notes at the back of a book. Some people can look at a score and hear a symphony, but most of us are not so fortunate. And so a performance that succeeds to any appreciable degree at giving shape and movement to what would for most of us be great poetry but not great poetic drama is worth our attention—even, it must be said, the movie Orson Welles has recently made of *Othello*.

PUTTING *Othello* and Mr. Welles to one side for the moment, I would like first to call attention to the fact that our opportunities to see Shakespeare's plays acted have been so increasingly frequent in the past few years that before long we may be able to afford a certain amount of selectivity in the expression of our gratitude.

As to films, one thinks of Sir Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* and *Hamlet,* of Mr. Welles's *Macbeth* in addition to the current production, of MGM's *Julius Caesar,* and of the British *Romeo and Juliet* which was reviewed in these columns a few months ago. Maurice Evans has done both *Richard II* and *Macbeth* on TV, and Mr. Welles has done *Lear.*

On the legitimate stage there has been even more activity. The pace has not been set by Broadway—where all revivals are regarded with close-pocketed skepticism and all unhatched turkey eggs with desperate hope—but by what the smart producers call "the sticks." Ambitious annual festivals have been established at both Stratford, Ontario, and Stratford, Connecticut. The Brattle Shakespeare Players of Cambridge, Massachusetts, even played

Copernicus

New York, at the City Center, for a few weeks last summer. The Phoenix Theater brought *Coriolanus* to Second Avenue a year ago. The works of the Bard have been flourishing out at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, in Eugene, Oregon, and at the Jan Hus Auditorium in Manhattan's Yorkville. Other amateur groups are joining in everywhere. A Shakespeare revival is going on.

WHY? It is not enough to say that Shakespeare remains the greatest writer in our language. That situation hasn't changed since he wrote the plays three hundred and fifty years ago, but there have been long periods, including one just before the current revival, when his plays were rarely performed. I would guess that Shakespeare is going strong these days in spite of his reputation rather than because of it. Nothing can kill a writer like academic approval, and nothing is quite so conducive to boredom as sitting through something that you have been told you ought to be edified by.

We must look into ourselves as well as into the plays for an explanation of the current Shakespeare boom. And that is where Brooks Atkinson looked in a piece he did for the New York *Times* not long ago. "It has something to do with the current mood," he wrote. "We find things in him that we lack in our own civilization. . . . Shakespeare wrote out of strength. He believed in the divine sanction of the throne. Under Elizabeth, the throne was a mighty institution and England was proud and flourishing. Shakespeare's ignorance of many scientific facts about the nature of the universe also contributed to his confidence in the destiny of mankind. . . . His confidence in powers greater than the men who wielded them gave him self-confidence as a writer."

There is surely an element of truth in what Mr. Atkinson says, but I somehow find it difficult to recognize the Elizabethan Rudyard Kipling he sets up. By whatever means Shakespeare may have achieved his self-confidence as a writer, surely one of the main things he was actually writing about was the tormenting doubt that his contemporaries were beginning to feel toward precisely those traditional institutions and ideas Mr. Atkinson says they took for granted.

Order or Chaos?

As the late Theodore Spencer demonstrated in *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man,* the current mood of Shakespeare's time can hardly be described as one of cheerfully ignorant complacency.

It is perfectly true that the throne had been a mighty institution under Elizabeth I, but the queen was old and dying during Shakespeare's most productive years, and while he was writing *Othello, Lear,* and *Macbeth,* the throne was occupied by a weak little king who had been imported

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from Scotland. And all of James's theological pedantry could not dispel the concern serious men were compelled to feel about the Protestantism which was the source of so much of England's nationalistic pride. If the form in which God had been worshiped and made manifest to men for centuries was found to be corrupt and fraudulent, might not some whose faith was weak question God Himself?

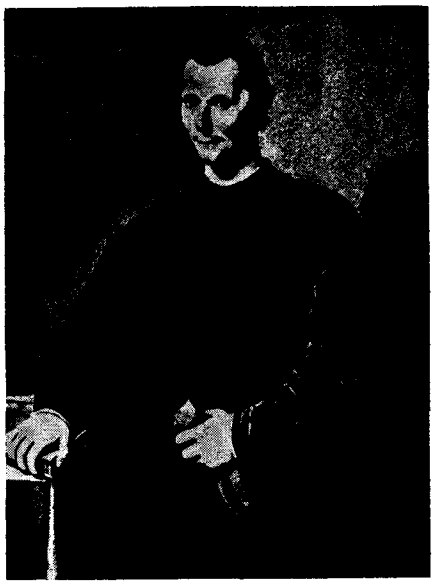
THE DOUBTS ran even deeper. Throughout most of the sixteenth century it was still axiomatic that perfect order existed in nature and that man's noble mission was to discover and glorify that order. But by Shakespeare's time a series of appalling subversions had threatened the very existence of that order.

Everywhere men looked the patterns of traditional belief were being strained and broken. The physical universe they lived in was changing: The celestial order described by Ptolemy—with the earth and its four elements at the center circled neatly by the moon, the five planets, the sun, and the stars, and comfortably enclosed in God's *primum mobile*—had been challenged by Copernicus twenty years before Shakespeare was born, and the speculations of Copernicus were confirmed by Galileo while Shakespeare was still living. Was the earth no more than an inconsequential midge in seething chaos?

Men's relationship with each other was changing: The political order defined by Cicero in his *De Officiis* and accepted for more than a millennium under feudalism—Mr. Atkinson's divine sanction of the throne—had been challenged by Machiavelli in *The Prince,* which was printed the year before Elizabeth was born and put on the Index the year before she became queen. Did the uses of power lead again to chaos?

Most important of all, men's view of themselves was changing: Aristotle's hierarchy of souls—in which reasoning man found himself above the merely sensate beasts and below but aspiring toward the pure intellect of angels—had been challenged by Montaigne in his "Apology for Raymond Sebond" shortly before Shakespeare left Stratford to go to London and begin his career as a playwright. Had man fallen back among the beasts?

SHAKESPEARE may actually have read some Montaigne in translation, but the direct link is relatively unimportant. It was no more necessary for Shakespeare to have read



Machiavelli

Montaigne than it is for us now to have read Freud to know that the psychological order is changing; no more necessary for him to have read Machiavelli than it is for us to have read Marx to know that the political order is changing; no more necessary for him to have read Galileo than it is for us to have read Einstein to know that the physical order is changing.

For Shakespeare as for us, the problem was not the simple one of substituting a new order for an old one, but rather one of living uncomfortably with both while trying, without much hope, to reconcile them. Later ages went on to become more sanguine about man's position in the universe—to believe that the steam engine or missionary work among the savages or giving women the right to vote would make everything all right. But once again, it may be, we face Shakespeare's question: Is unaccommodated man no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as Lear saw on the heath?

Shakespeare understood intellectually something about his situation that comes to us now only by superstition or as a nervous joke when we blame the hurricanes and floods on H-bomb tests: Disorder in any one of nature's correlative hierarchies—physical, political, psychological—automatically produces disorder in the others. "New philosophy casts all in doubt," wrote John Donne in 1611. Shakespeare himself described the awful possibilities most explicitly in Act I, Scene 3 of *Troilus and Cressida:*

"Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows; each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong—
Between whose endless jar justice resides—
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And last eat up himself."

Angel or Animal?

T. S. Eliot has written that in *Hamlet* "Shakespeare tackled a problem which proved too much for him." The same might be said, it seems to me, of *Lear.* In attempting to "express the inexpressibly horrible," as Mr. Eliot puts it, Shakespeare lost in dramatic diffusion at least part of what he gained in poetic intensity. It is not entirely the fault of modern actors and directors—although I am not so willing to excuse modern schoolmasters—that *Hamlet* and *Lear* are often played, whenever they are played these days, as disconnected vaudevilles of famous quotations from literature; the playwright too must take his share of blame. Attempting less poetically, Shakespeare sometimes accomplished more

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dramatically in his historical tragedies.

But not far below the unscalable heights of *Hamlet* and *Lear* stand two tragedies, *Macbeth* and *Othello,* in which the full power of his imagination was most nearly approached by his power as a dramatist. And I would say that the more successful of the two is the one which does not depend, even symbolically, on external agents like witches and spells for its development and in which the emotional causes of tragedy are bound to be more familiar to any audience.

FOR SOME REASON, Orson Welles has seen fit to make some fundamental rearrangements in the construction of Shakespeare's most tightly constructed play. The total effect of the sceneshifting and abridgments made by Mr. Welles the director is to provide almost a monopoly of the screen to Mr. Welles the actor. I am sure that this was done out of a mistaken desire to streamline the story rather than vanity, but the result actually undermines the effectiveness of the *Othello* Mr. Welles has created with his imposing stature and his magnificent voice and diction. The only other living actor I can think of offhand who could surpass Mr. Welles's bearing and resonance as Othello is Paul Robeson, who isn't being asked to appear in movies currently.

The play is not, as Mr. Welles has tended to make it, simply the story of an intrigue against Othello, any more than *Hamlet* is simply the case history of a sensitive young man with an Oedipus complex. "Iago's plot is Iago's character in action," as A. C. Bradley said, "and it is built on his knowledge of Othello's character." To reduce Iago to a mere schemer, as Mr. Welles has done, is thus to reduce Othello to a mere gull.

'What a Piece of Work Is a Man!'

The tragedy of Othello is a profound one, and one that for Shakespeare must have been closely related to the questions about the nature of man that had been raised by Montaigne. Sexual jealousy is perhaps the most degrading passion to which a human being can be subjected. Bradley described its effect on Othello as ". . . the animal in man forcing itself into his consciousness in naked grossness, and he writhing before it but powerless to deny it entrance, gasping inarticulate images of pollution, and finding relief only in a bestial thirst for blood . . ."

Othello was the next tragedy Shakespeare wrote after *Hamlet,* and it seems to me that it is possible to

Montaigne

consider the two plays as variations on a single theme. Can man aspire through his intellect to be like the angels? Well, look here at Hamlet, a man so "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" that, unable to act, he is drawn down into the very chaos that intellect is supposed to transcend.

But since Hamlet is drowned in irresolution, then perhaps the answer is that man must be able to act resolutely on the promptings of his intellect. Look here at Othello, another noble nature endowed richly with all those qualities of mind and will which formed the Renaissance ideal—but one, unlike Hamlet, for whom "to be once in doubt is once to be resolved." It is precisely Othello's strength of resolution that renders him powerless against the beast within him. And the beast is surely within Othello; it is not Iago. For Iago too has great powers of mind and will. His plot could not have succeeded otherwise. To Shakespeare, Iago may have been the most disturbing of the three, for he possesses both Hamlet's subtlety and Othello's resolution, and yet he too destroys and is destroyed. Where then is the virtue of intellect?

MR. WELLES lets his Iago, played by Michael MacLiammoir, keep a few of the lines that offer pretexts for his behavior—the resentment about Cassio's having been promoted over his head and the incredible suspicion that Othello "'twixt my sheets has done my office." Coleridge called all this "the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity," and we are clearly not supposed to take it at its face value, as Mr. Welles seems to have been content to do. Actually, in skimping on even these halfhearted and spurious explanations, Mr. Welles has fallen into a second misreading of Iago's character which is popular in some academic circles: that he represents pure evil. Shakespeare was not such a poor psychologist as to have fallen into that Elizabethan cliché of the Machiavel.

'I Am Not What I Am'

If Iago were meant to be driven by any such simple emotions as ambition or resentful hatred, the writer who created Macbeth and Shylock would surely have been able to delineate the motivations more convincingly than he did. It seems more likely to me that it is Iago's awareness of his almost impotent *lack* of emotion that drives him to exercise his evil, voyeuristic power over Othello. His compulsive use of the coarsest language to describe the most innocent relations of men and women shows how far he is from an involved understanding of normal human emotions. His great and only pleasure is goading the noble Othello to reveal the grossness and bestiality that are within him. In a way, Iago's is the eunuch's revenge.

However a director chooses to present Iago, he must certainly not minimize the part to that of a prompter throwing cues to Othello. And the same goes for Desdemona, whom again Mr. Welles seems content to accept at her own description of herself. The girl who stood up boldly to her father before the Venetian Senate and who persisted in defending Cassio against Othello's anger is much more than a "moth of peace." It may not be too much to say that Othello's tragedy

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began with his mistaken belief that "she lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd"—and for that alone. When he explodes to Iago, "O curse of marriage, that we can call these delicate creatures ours, and not their appetites!" he is realizing belatedly and imperfectly what he should have known all along—that Desdemona is not an extension of his own ego but a separate human being, a delicate creature but one with a will of her own that he cannot and should not want to call entirely his. Having misunderstood her so badly, he is prepared to believe anything of her.

I do not, of course, insist upon these sketchy interpretations of anything so complex as characters created by Shakespeare. But I do insist that a director ought to have some interpretation in mind. Like Mr. MacLiammoir, and Robert Coote as Roderigo, Suzanne Cloutier does well with the part that has been given her. The kindest thing that can be said of the new film of *Othello* is that all the actors, and especially Mr. Welles, are too good to be wasted on Mr. Welles as a director.

'Ripeness Is All'

In the same article to which I referred earlier, Mr. Atkinson writes, "In *Othello* the guilty are punished and the state takes up the burden of maintaining order with an authority and wisdom that Shakespeare took for granted." Well, maybe. It has always seemed to me that the last-scene appearances of Fortinbras, Albany, and all the other pale dukelings are somewhat perfunctory. The real finale comes earlier when the hero realizes his tragedy and accepts his death, not with resignation in the Greek sense and certainly not with the muscular optimism Mr. Atkinson invokes, but in a way that can only be described as Shakespearean.

What we admire in Shakespeare is not that the problems he faced were simpler than those we face. Nor is it his simple-minded confidence in the historical destiny of mankind. What we admire, and envy, is the moral dignity he shows us in human courage that endures beyond human reason. It is what he meant by the word "readiness" in *Hamlet* and by the word "ripeness" in *Lear*—man's tragic fulfillment in the presence of inevitable failure.

CHANNELS:

The Hot Documentary

MARYA MANNES

FOR YEARS in the entertainment business, "documentary" has been a dirty word: The observation of reality, a deterrent to the enjoyment of illusion, has been considered dull. "Documentary" is still a dirty word: Now it has been discovered that the observation of reality can be dangerous.

The network heads, the agency heads, the wise guys had almost killed off the documentary business in the last decade on the basis that people didn't want to learn. First the newsreels were virtually squeezed out of the motion-picture theaters, then the factual shorts; and it was not until Disney, in such films as "Beaver Valley" and "Seal Island," showed reality as marvelous that the documentary—now called "feature"—became acceptable again. That is not only because these films concerned beautiful things beautifully put together; it is because the natural world is uncontroversial. It fascinates without worrying. But when Edward R. Murrow presented his visual essay on Joseph McCarthy, people began to feel the intense emotions which facts, used as the instrument of art, can stir. It set up a reaction in the industry of television that is gathering momentum daily.

THE REACTION is twofold and conflicting. One is the belief among people of intelligence and vision in the mass media that the observation and interpretation of the real world can be valuable as knowledge *and* powerful as entertainment. The other is the suspicion of the sponsor that the impulse to think is not necessarily compatible with the impulse to buy. Controversy may lead to enlightenment but not to sales; and tempting as it may be to call Big Business chicken-livered, its paramount function is to sell. It cannot sponsor for its health—or ours. The tragedy is that this abstention of business from controversy leads in the end to a kind of censorship through omission that no intelligent society can afford.

Caveat Sponsor

If this seems farfetched, you have only to examine three recent events in the documentary field. Alcoa gave up its sponsorship of Murrow's "See It Now" last spring and General Motors' Pontiac Division bowed out last month. Maybelline, Columbia Records, and CBS-Columbia sponsored his "Vice-Presidency" program of October 26, but the series as a whole has been reduced from a weekly program to several shows a year, as yet unsponsored. Pontiac has also pulled out of the sponsorship of Project 20, the big NBC series of documentaries made by the "Victory at Sea" team of Henry Salomon, Isaac Kleinerman, and Richard Hanser, with future sponsorship expected but undefined as of this writing.

Both Alcoa and Pontiac have consistently denied that the element of controversy has in any way prompted their decisions, but it seems hard to believe that a sponsor as powerful as General Motors would withdraw from programs of such acknowledged prestige if it did not believe that in the long run sales would suffer from public reaction to them. Add to this that the sponsorship and even the presentation itself of Eric Sevareid's proposed new Sunday period of commentary and film are very much in doubt, and a pattern emerges. Murrow and Sevareid are not only first-rate technicians in the current-events documentary field; they are fearless men who call the shots as they see them. Only Henry Salomon, the brilliant young producer of "Victory at Sea" and "Three, Two, One, Zero" has managed, up to now, not to stir up controversy. There are not two ways for Americans to view our naval tri-

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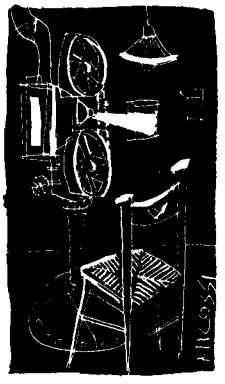
umphs in the Second World War or the scope and gravity of atomic power.

Yet Mr. Salomon seems to be in trouble at last. After an announced presentation of "Nightmare in Red," his documentary on the Russian Revolution, for November 13, the withdrawal of Pontiac as the



sponsor for this and others of the series has postponed it until next year. "Although offering no explanation to NBC for asking out," *Variety* reported, "informed persons on Ad Row have no doubts in their mind that General Motors is adopting discretion as the better part of democratic valor and future trade . . . General Motors is a world-trading outfit and has been in the forefront for over 30 years of efforts to reduce barriers to business among nations. In coming face to face with the possible political embarrassment of 'Nightmare in Red,' General Motors was completely consistent."

The Salomon Work

If there is any truth in this (and there appears to be sense), then the irony is exquisite. Salomon's indictment of the Soviet system might endanger the sales of Pontiacs to the Soviet state. What is bad for General Motors is bad for us. Don't let's be beastly to the Russians—if trade is at stake.

When a preview of "Nightmare in Red" was shown at the Overseas Press Club in New York, Salomon said in the prologue, "We are not preaching or propagandizing or judging. We are just showing things objectively, as they happened." One club member ventured to suggest that "Nightmare in Red" was hardly an objective title, while another (Victor Lasky) said, "For my part, the title isn't half strong enough." But there was no disagreement on the impact of the film itself. It was a shaking experience, masterfully evoked by three men who knew what to do with the material they had. This was no longer a documentary in the old sense. "We will not be reporting," wrote Salomon of Project 20, "nor will we unreel history by the yard. . . . [we] will attempt to give twentieth-century man the opportunity to stand apart from himself, for a long look at himself, and the world in which he lives. . . . If we do our work well, our drama will be so alive in its impact that its meanings and emotions will echo and re-echo in the viewer's mind long after the sight and sound of the programs have disappeared. . . ."

The Salomon team did find history by the yard, and it will be hard to forget such sights as these on the accelerated yet remarkably clear film of that time: Czar Nicholas II and his family roller-skating on the decks of the royal yacht; the Czar taking snapshots of his four children playing tag; the Czar being kissed on both cheeks by a long file of officers; the Czarina in heavy-flowered hat permitting her hand to be kissed by a line of curtsying little girls. There is glimpse after glimpse of this futile court, playing in the sun while the frightful darkness gathered. And then, Lenin: dictating with jerky intensity to his bug-eyed, fanatic wife; haranguing a crowd, his face precise, irresistibly urgent. Kerensky, then Trotsky and Stalin—not the old pseudo-benevolent Stalin of his later deification but the pockmarked black-haired political thug. A younger Vishinsky, icy and alert, in remarkable newsreels of the purge trials, the old revolutionaries confessing their sins with dreadful submission. Then, worst of all a sequence made of several executions by Red Army squads: the condemned stood up before a trench; the grotesque leap of limbs and flight of caps as the bullets hit them and they fall backward out of sight; the laughing inspection of their riddled bodies in the trench.

These and many other celluloid ghosts were found in a six-month search of seventy-six sources: the contacts of the International Federation of Film Archivists in London, the Paris flea market, a castle on the Rhine near Wiesbaden, the private collections of White Russians here and abroad, a barn in New Jersey, the dusty files of the defunct leftist French paper *Journal-Eclair*. Can after can of film, stored, hidden, forgotten, or jealously guarded, was ferreted out by Salomon and his cutter, Isaac Kleinerman, who knew what they wanted and were determined to find it.

Some things, of course, they could not get, so they borrowed scenes of the revolution from two Russian film epics directed by Eisenstein, "Potemkin" and "Ten Days That Shook the World," splicing them so deftly with the "live" reels that only an expert could separate the two. But even such material as this would not have had its cumulative power without the structure and rhythm imposed on it by Salomon and Kleinerman; without the score of Robert Russell-Bennett, who borrowed freely and rightly from Russian folk music and the Tschaikovsky idiom; without the text of Richard Hanser, who not only uses words poetically but knows when and where to borrow. Accompanying a sequence showing peasants in the final stages of liquidation by deliberate starvation are these words from *Richard II:* "Let's

talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs; make dust our paper and with rainy eyes write sorrow on the bosom of the earth . . ."

The Search for a Father

Documentary? No, perhaps not. Dangerous? Yes, in the wrong hands. Another team could have made a different picture from the frames on the cutting-room floor, for what is omitted is as significant as what is

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shown, and the order of showing as important as the content. If there were any criticism of this particular film, encompassing the Russian agony from 1917 to 1945, it would be that it is not the whole truth. It is not the whole truth because there is no way of showing what went on in Russian minds and hearts during those convulsive years and what it is that has kept Communism alive and strong through horrors and injustices that should long since have shriveled these minds and hearts entirely.

"Nightmare in Red" shows with searing finality the evil of totalitarianism. But it does not show what makes a people accept totalitarianism: a want and a weakness within as responsible for their captive state as the force from without. Briefly the film's creators indicate the deep, continuing need of the Russian people for a "Little Father," be he Czar or Stalin. But do we not ourselves want that to some degree? "Nightmare in Red" may show what Communism does; it does not show what Communism is. To make clear the seduction that leads to destruction—this is the next job at hand.

Who'll Pay the Bill?

But who will sponsor such pictures if business does not pick up the tab? Who will see to it that this growing and infinitely useful new form of art—the documentary in depth—becomes a part of the American diet, still so deficient in the vitamins of thought? The British have answered this, but in a manner unacceptable to our system. Their government-subsidized BBC has made the documentary a daily food, nourishing and sustaining. But government has never been our answer in such dilemmas; we turn inevitably to private sources.

One cannot help wondering whether the logical patrons of public stimulation and enlightenment are not the big foundations, those enormous accretions of wealth which, if they are to remain tax-free, must be dedicated to the service of society. They could not serve it better, surely, than by guaranteeing the limitless productivity of such guardians of the public conscience, such extenders of the public vision, as the Murrows and Sevareids and Salomons.

Haiti—II: The Ile de la Tortue

SABINE GOVA

In Haiti the sun does not rise pink. The sky is a powerful orange. Only when the gold of the rays breaks through will the firmament yield to the sun and gradually turn to a pale blue.

When I arrived in Port-de-Paix, the sun was punctuating the sky; the day had begun. I left my luggage in the Bon Accueil and strolled along the street.

There were no morning activities in the modest houses, no sweeping, washing, or bedmaking. Adults and children alike got up from their mats and started work or play where they had left off the night before. It was pleasantly quiet; the loudest voices were those of roosters and hungry donkeys.

A vacant lot on the right gave me a view of the ocean. There was no beach; the water lapped softly at the descending ground behind the houses. It was dark green, but about a mile away it suddenly changed into royal blue—two currents that never mingle. Out in the two-toned water the green mass of an island curved over the horizon like the hump of a monster turtle. It was the Ile de la Tortue—Turtle Island, where freebooters and buccaneers had landed, penetrated the virgin forest, and hunted down the last Indians three hundred years ago. The Austrian consul in Port-au-Prince had told me about these episodes of early Haitian history when he showed me his unique collection of Haitian objects of arts and crafts. Some of the small pottery pieces resembling Mexican sculpture had come from Turtle Island. Now with the island before me I remembered them. Why not go over there myself and try to find some of the rare Indian artifacts I wanted so much?

I went to the port to find out how to reach the island.

"Do you know that there is no means of transportation on the island?" the director of the port asked me. "There are no roads, nothing but mule paths between scattered groups of native huts."

I knew. The consul had told me that the only place to go was to Father Riou's Notre Dame des Palmistes: a tiny church, a hospital, and his own house.

"You are lucky," the director said at last. "There aren't many opportunities to go but this morning a boat from the island arrived here. It will go back in the afternoon. Let's arrange with the captain to take you."

The Voyage

We left the narrow office in the custom house and walked across the beach. Near the wooden pier a small steamer was unloading coal. The crew put the bags on the heads of three men who stood in the water up to their shoulders. Advancing carefully under their heavy load, they slowly emerged, the sweat running down their faces mingling with the water that dripped off their bodies. The black skin and the torn purple trousers had an air of mourning in the brightness of the summer day. A dark trail marked the way to the mules that were standing in the shade of coconut palms. The animals patiently took over the men's burdens, whereupon the men silently walked back into the water.

On the railing of the pier, a stocky Negro was sitting with a sturdy boy —captain and crew. The captain unwillingly got up when we approached. Would he take me along? Yes, for three dollars.

"Three dollars!" The director was indignant. "Your other passengers are paying twenty cents."

"Three dollars or I don't take her."

"I'll gladly pay the three dollars, please let me," I pleaded, but the director would not agree. "It's undignified and contrary to the honor of Haiti!" he exclaimed. "We don't take advantage of our guests."

"Our guests—"the captain snapped;

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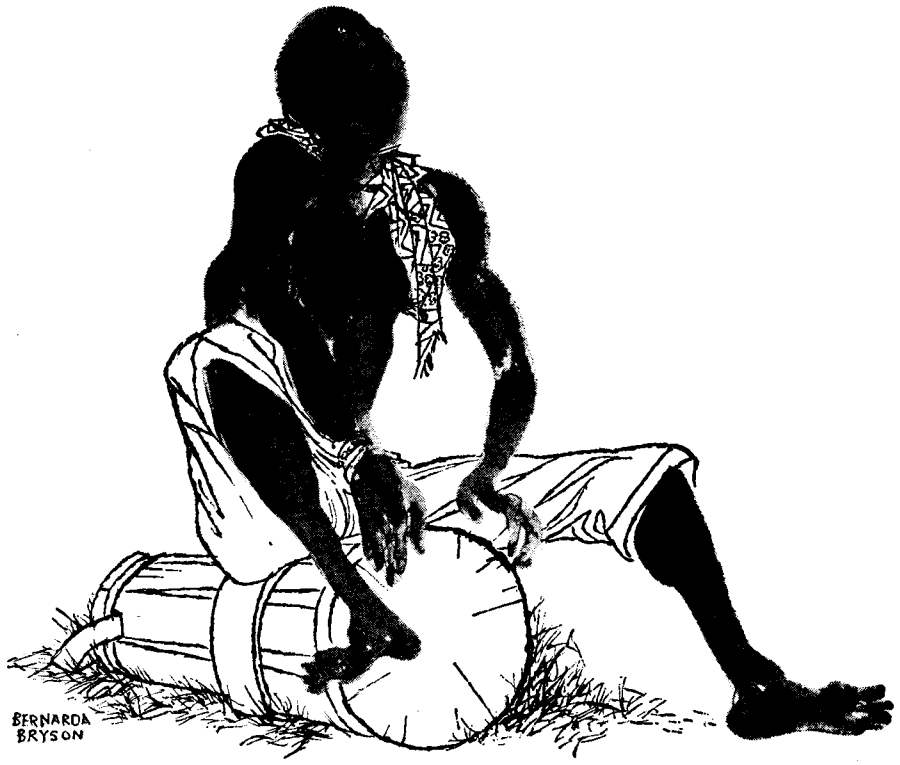

it sounded like the quick bark of a dog who does not like an approaching visitor.

We finally settled on two dollars. When the boat left, the captain was still furious. He twisted the steering wheel as if it were the director's neck. Sitting on the naked planks of the deck, I looked uneasily at the irate man. His attitude became oppressive and I impatiently awaited the end of the crossing. A strong wind pushed us along, so it was speedy sailing. I hoped it would take less than the usual three hours.

When only sixty feet of water separated us from the beach, the captain bawled "Get up and out!"

"What do you mean?" I asked alarmed. "We aren't at the Pointe des Oiseaux."

"And we won't go there. All my passengers are going to the other side. For two dollars I don't go out of my way."

I had no time to say another word. The captain picked me up with his steam-shovel grip, carried me through the water, and dropped me on the sand. A moment later the boy threw my suitcase down at my side and without one more glance the pair thrashed back through the incoming tide, climbed into the boat, and sailed away.

The coast had looked uninhabited from afar, but it was not. Rude huts made of sugar-cane stalks and covered with banana leaves were hidden under the dense foliage of pistachio and mango trees, stragglers of the climbing forest. Natives came running from all sides, shouting and gesticulating.

"To Father Riou's? But that's more than a two-hour climb. Night will be falling. A thunderstorm is blowing up."

An elderly man approached slowly. White hair surrounded his black face like a glory. There was a sudden silence and everybody looked at him when he said, "Madame, I am the mayor, and this is my son Félicien." He pointed to a friendly-looking youngster. "He will take you up to Father Riou's. And this is the city hall. We will lock up your belongings here. This is safe.

"The Father will send word about your luggage. There will always be somebody happy to carry it along."

I thanked the mayor for his help, and the boy and I started on our way.

We climbed rapidly, Félicien a few steps before me. The path was barely indicated by irregular stones and was so steep that I often had to grasp the lianas to pull myself up. When after a short time I looked back the beach had disappeared and the forest surrounded us.

The storm broke. The water poured down hard, crystal clear and warm. It slapped my face, ran along my neck and down my body. My camera and bag pulled on their shoulder straps like dogs on a leash. We were walking in a speedily rising current. Flashes of lightning revealed tremendous trees with splattering leaves in every shade of green. The soil became an orange river pulling the whole forest downward. Working my way upward toward a house, to light, to people, I struggled with all my energy. Yet I enjoyed it; I enjoyed its savage beauty.

The sight of dwellings was almost disappointing. The enchantment was over.

"Good-by, Madame," the boy called. He had already turned around and was vanishing into the dark. I entered the first house.

In a small room a young Haitian woman was sewing by the light of a candle. She welcomed me and led me upstairs. What a struggle it was to undo my soaked clothes and put on the linen shift she had brought me! Finally I stretched out on the narrow bed to wait for my hostess, who had said she would come back with some food.

I did not hear her knock at the door. I did not hear anything until the ringing of the morning bell.

The Mission

It looked like a dark and cloudy day until I realized that the shutters were closed. When I pushed them open, sunlight flooded the room. I went out onto the porch that surrounded the house. Under the trees nearby, a mule grazed. A few chickens flew up, pursued by a skinny dog across a lawn that stretched between the house and several huts. The only reminder of last night's storm was my clothing spread out to dry.

The young woman who had received me in the evening was sitting on the grass talking with some children. She waved good morning and called me to come down.

"I am Marthe," she said with a friendly smile when we met. "Do you recognize me? Last night you were so tired that I didn't tell you Father Riou isn't here. He went over to St. Louis du Nord for a meeting." I was

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very disappointed and Marthe saw it.

When I told her about the pottery she exclaimed, "There at least I can help you! Of course I cannot give the explanations as the Father could, but I will bring you to some of our people who know where to find the pottery and it is even possible that they may have some. We will go to see them this afternoon."

"Perhaps I can help you in the meantime?" I asked.

"Come with me to the infirmary," Marthe proposed. "I'm the nurse here; I've been working with the Father for eight years. He's a doctor too—he taught me everything," she added proudly.

SHE PICKED UP some tattered garments and told the children to draw water at the well and carry it to the infirmary.

"We have few patients right now," she continued, "but when the Father is here, there are about twenty coming every day."

We crossed the lawn and entered a small building scarcely different from the huts, except that it was more solidly built and had a real door. It consisted of one room furnished with three iron beds with no other covering than straw mats. In one of them huddled a girl shivering with fever. Her mother was sitting next to her on the floor preparing coffee on a small charcoal stove. At the other end of the same bed another bony little girl with burning eyes was trying to use one of the stiff mats as a blanket. Marthe covered her with some rags she had brought, using one end of them to wipe foam from the girl's mouth.

An old woman lay coughing in another bed. At the end of the room a woman was kneeling before the third bed praying, the rosary slipping through her restless fingers. An ugly skin disease disfigured her features.

Marthe distributed pills. Then I helped her to sprinkle the floor with water, which was better for the patients than whirling up the dust in the dry hot air.

Houngans and *Mambos*

When we had gone into the small stable that was arranged as pharmacy and laboratory, I asked, "What are the little girls suffering from?"

"One has malaria and the other typhoid," Marthe answered calmly. Seeing my alarmed look she added, "You must realize that they would be with their families if we didn't have them here. Or they might be in the hands of *houngans,* which would be even worse."

"I have heard about the *houngans,*" I said. "Are the voodoo priests here too?"

"Are they here?" Marthe repeated with a forlorn voice. It sounded like an echo from the woods to which there was no answer. "Wherever they are, the people will spare no effort to find them. The *houngans* and *mambos,* the male and female priests, exploit these poor souls. They get the fattest chicken and the last goat —and for what? They extort a high price from one man to throw a spell on his enemy and then the enemy

pays to have the spell lifted. And when they curse a family—" Marthe drew herself up and looking at me with great dignity said, "I do not believe in it, but the villagers will say such a family is delivered to the demons. They are outcasts, and might just as well die." After a moment of mournful silence she added, "Over here the Father knows how to keep the *houngans* down."

"How does he do it?" I wondered.

"We see and hear nothing any more that could remind us of voodoo. Not even a drum. Oh, just to hear a drum brings everything back. It's bewitching. That's why the Father doesn't allow it. It would be leading us into temptation." She got up and looked out of the open door. "We don't need drums. We have our bell. There it hangs, high up in the sky—and it has the voice of the angels."

Famous Son

"You have a charming way of telling things, Marthe," I said. Her eyes brightened.

"There is a reason for it: I'm from Jérémie—like Alexandre Dumas. And of course I have read all his novels. He is our greatest writer, don't you think so?"

Jérémie – Dumas – I remembered that his grandmother had been a Negro slave in Haiti, at that time the French colony St.-Domingue. But it never had occurred to me that Haiti would claim him as a famous son. However, it was the name of his Haitian grandmother, Louise Cessette Dumas, which he had made immortal, while the name of his French grandfather—denied to the illegitimate descendant—is forgotten.

I suddenly felt very happy. It was like discovering a relative in a foreign country where everyone had seemed to be a stranger.

"Dumas is truly your greatest writer," I said with conviction. "But he is French also. Through him we are related."

"That's wonderful!" Marthe pulled my arm through hers. "Now let's go and see whether we'll find some of the treasures you are seeking."

The Gift

After a short walk we entered a hut where I counted seven children. They got up immediately and hugged Marthe. They looked at me timidly and retreated to the other corner of the hut, crowding around their mother who was standing there just as shy as her flock. Marthe exchanged a few words with her and she disappeared.

When she came back she was carrying a basket, which she emptied on the floor. We all knelt at the strange sight of tiny pottery heads with tremendous round eyes and wide mouths. One little monster had its

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fist pressed to the mouth as if restraining a cry. Curved handles were lying there as if the pots to which they belonged were buried in the ground beneath.

"Choose what you want or take all if you like them," the mother said. These were her first words, spoken so softly that I could hardly hear them. But her great eyes were fixed on me, full of expectation. I did not want to disappoint her, but knowing the value of this Indian pottery I was certain that I would be able to buy only one or two pieces.

"Since I don't know what they are worth—" I started to say. Marthe understood.

"We are happy to be able to give," she said. "The more you accept the richer we will feel." An Oriental prince in the Arabian Nights could not have said it more beautifully.

While I was selecting several pieces the children were watching me curiously. They started picking up those I had left and one girl took up a warrior's head I had chosen. Holding it in her little palm she looked at it seriously. Suddenly the mother noticed what she was doing.

"How can you touch what belongs to Madame?" she cried. *"Malélevée!"*

The child was so frightened that she dropped the piece and cowered in a corner. *Malélevée*—ill-bred—is the hardest word for a Haitian child to bear. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. I tried to explain that she had not understood that the piece was mine but it did not help. Finally the mother stopped apologizing and the child smiled again.

When Marthe and I left, the children were standing in the doorway. Several times I turned around to wave good-by. How dark they looked in the glistening sunshine—how small under the big trees.

"They have so little and they gave me so much," I said to Marthe.

She was walking silently by my side. The trees gave way to shrubs and we could see the Haitian coast at the other side of the water.

"Haiti is a little country—poor in money but rich in culture," Marthe said. She did not turn to me while she spoke. For she said it to nobody, or perhaps to the whole world.

(This is the second of two articles on Haiti by Miss Gova.)

The Protocols Of Maxim Litvinov

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

MAXIM LITVINOV: NOTES FOR A JOURNAL. Introduction by E. H. Carr. Prefatory Note by General Walter Bedell Smith. New York: *Morrow*. *$3.75*. London (without General Smith's Prefatory Note): *André Deutsch*. *18s*.

This book has a strange history. It is about two years now since its British publisher, André Deutsch, began to advertise it, quoting Professor E. H. Carr, a prominent historian, to the effect that it was one of the most

Maxim Litvinov

sensational works of its kind. The description did not at first seem exaggerated. Authentic diaries of Maxim Litvinov, the Old Bolshevik who was Soviet Foreign Commissar in the 1930's, would surely represent a most important contribution to contemporary history and a human document of extraordinary interest. What was going on, one wondered, in Litvinov's mind during the nightmare of the great purges, when nearly all his old friends and comrades perished? What did he think of Stalin's foreign policy during and after the Second World War? This book, one hoped, should answer these and many other questions.

Then the publication of the diaries, which were said to have been smuggled out of Russia, was repeatedly delayed. Inquiries about them met with silence. At last the book was presented to the public but with much less assurance than in the original advertisement. Professor Carr, who wrote the introduction to the *Notes*, expresses prudent doubt about their authenticity and avows that their origin has remained obscure to him in spite of his investigations. He was informed that Litvinov had entrusted his memoirs to Mme. Alexandra Kollontai while she was Soviet Minister to Sweden, that she entrusted them to someone else, who in turn handed them to another person, and so on. Strangely, everyone through whose hands the original manuscript or typescript allegedly had passed turned out to be dead, and Mr. Carr could only interview some unidentified "Russian intermediaries" in Paris. In short, not a single person was prepared to assume any degree of responsibility for the document.

EVEN after that, strange things continued to happen. Although all people concerned with the "smuggling out" of these diaries were said to be dead, new portions of the "Litvinov typescript" landed on the publisher's desk. One might have thought that this alone should have sufficed for the publisher and Professor Carr to dismiss the book.

Beset by doubts, Professor Carr has dutifully warned readers about the authenticity of the "document" and has pointed out which items in it have struck him as spurious. But he still thinks that the book is a "composite document," which, together with some obvious fiction, "contains a substratum of genuine material emanating in some form

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or other from Litvinov himself"; and that "handled with caution, it still makes a useful contribution to our understanding" of Soviet affairs. Even if, Professor Carr adds, "the hypothesis of a complete forgery or fiction cannot be dismissed out of hand," these *Notes* would "as a historical romance . . . be a work of considerable insight and imagination as well as of a high degree of literary talent."

Shameless Forgery

I have great respect for Professor Carr's scholarly achievement, especially in his many-volumed *History of Soviet Russia*. But his achievement falls within strictly defined limits: He specializes in the history of policies and institutions, about which he knows more than most Sovietologists. But he pays little attention to the social, psychological, and moral background of the events he describes.

In my view, these *Notes* are a complete, crude, shabby, and shameless forgery. They are worthless even as a "historical romance"; the portrait of Litvinov that is supposed to emerge from them bears no relation whatever to the real Litvinov. No one writing about Communism with any inside knowledge, with a sense of its climate, can have any doubt about this.

THERE is hardly a page in the *Notes* that does not contain striking anachronisms and incongruities. It is impossible to believe that these emanated from Litvinov; even a competent ghost writer would not have committed them.

To start from the lighter side, we are offered a number of "human-interest" stories about Litvinov and other Bolshevik leaders. The effect is often grotesque. We are given, for instance, a glimpse of the erotic life of Karl Radek, the once famous fighter, wit, and "prince of pamphleteers." "Litvinov" alludes for our benefit to Radek's "violent outbursts of jealousy" for Larissa Reissner. Now Radek was indeed the lover of Larissa Reissner, a Bolshevik authoress and famous beauty. He might have been jealous of her—Bolsheviks were not above such bourgeois vices. But the outbursts were supposed to have taken place in 1928. At that time Radek was already deported to the north and Larissa Reissner had been dead for two years. (I have before me her obituary written by Radek himself and dated "Moscow, the Kremlin, 1 December, 1926.")

Another entry in the *Notes* purports to record a telephone conversation between Litvinov and Trotsky not long before Trotsky's deportation from Moscow in January, 1929. Once again the "human touch." "He [Trotsky] asked me if there was any news about his daughter Zinaida . . . I replied that there was none . . . Alas, yesterday I received a telegram from our Embassy in Berlin: she hanged herself on receiving news that her husband had been shot . . . How strange and tragic is the destiny of this man, his family and his close collaborators . . ." It seems almost boorish to question the genuineness of Litvinov's sigh over the "tragic destiny" of Trotsky and his family. The only snag is that Trotsky's daughter Zinaida committed suicide in Berlin nearly five years after this alleged conversation.

Political 'Disclosures'

The political revelations are of the same quality. The most sensational story, which has given editorial writers and commentators of highly reputable newspapers "food for grave reflection," is about a mission, headed by Marshal Tukhachevsky, allegedly sent to Germany by Stalin in December, 1928. Supposedly Stalin ordered Tukhachevsky to tell the German generals that Soviet military leaders were prepared to overthrow the Communist régime and set up a pro-German military dictatorship if Germany agreed to make common cause with Russia in the diplomatic field.

In this concoction, much later developments are confusedly and incoherently projected back to the year 1928. In 1928, Stalin was in the midst of a bitter conflict with the Right Oppositionists, led by Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsky, who were still members of the Politburo. (Rykov was still the Soviet Prime Minister.) It is preposterous to think that Stalin could have made this pseudo-Machiavellian move at that time, a move that would have exposed him to a most dangerous attack if the

Leon Trotsky

Oppositionists had got wind of it. It is equally nonsensical that he should have entrusted the job to Tukhachevsky, an antagonist of his since the Russo-Polish war of 1920.

Another "disclosure" that some writers have also found startling is that "After Rapallo" the German Generals von Hammerstein, von Seeckt, and Admiral Raeder "offered [to Litvinov] to organize the Russian production of armaments, shells and submarines, to circumvent the Versailles Treaty"—and this "immediately" after they have been introduced to him!

The truth of the matter is that highly secret arrangements for German assistance in the organization of the Russian armament industries had been made as early as at the beginning of 1921, a year before the Rapallo Treaty; and they were made on Trotsky's initiative and under Lenin's auspices with such leading German industrialists as Krupp and Blohm & Voss. The authentic evidence about the deal is available in the Trotsky archives at Harvard University. The German generals had no reason whatsoever for making the offer more than a year later or for making it to Litvinov, then only Deputy Foreign Commissar.

A Historical Novel?

One could illustrate the phony character of the *Notes* by a long list of similar examples. In each case—and there are dozens of them—dates and events, when cross-checked, turn out

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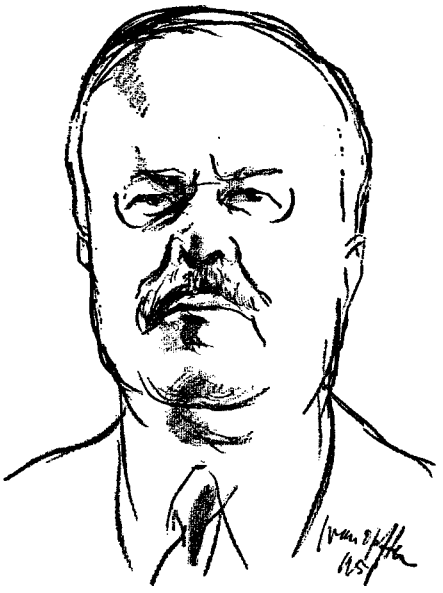


V. M. Molotov

to be pure invention. But these illustrations are of interest to the specialist only. Suffice it to say here that nearly all that this ghostly Litvinov reveals about Soviet policy in China in the 1920's is, also in the light of the Trotsky archives and of other known sources, complete trash.

Has this book, even if it cannot be treated as an authentic historical document, the quality of good "historical romance" that Professor Carr claims for it?

Litvinov certainly was not one of the giants of the Russian Revolution. But he was a cultivated, shrewd member of the Old Guard, with a deep loyalty to Bolshevism, with wide international experience, and with a somewhat skeptical and realistic mind. Like all Bolshevik leaders of Jewish origin, he was steeped in Marxist internationalism and viewed rather contemptuously, or at least indifferently, the religious beliefs and customs of old Jewry. In the 1930's he was identified with the pro-French and pro-British and anti-Nazi trend of Soviet foreign policy; but this was a matter of diplomatic orientation, not of any pro-liberal or pro-social democratic inclinations.

Let us now have a look at the dummy impersonating the late Commissar. The Litvinov of this book is incredibly ignorant of what is going on inside the Bolshevik Party. Early in 1936 he becomes indignant when he hears for the first time about Trotsky's "project to bring about 'clemancism' [sic] in the Party . . ." Well, in the summer of 1927 Trotsky made the famous statement that in the event of war he would go on criticizing Stalin and Voroshilov for ineptitude and muddleheadedness just as Clemenceau criticized the French Government of Caillaux and Malvy during the First World War. Trotsky's "Clemenceau thesis" was the center of a most dramatic party controversy from the middle to the end of 1927, when he and many other eminent Bolsheviks were expelled from the party. The "Clemenceau thesis" loomed large in every party document of the time; it was given as the chief reason for the expulsion of the Oppositionists, and for years afterward was often referred to in party literature. Of all this, we are asked to believe, Litvinov had no knowledge: He first learns hazily about "clemancism" more than eight years after the event.

Trotsky a Mason?

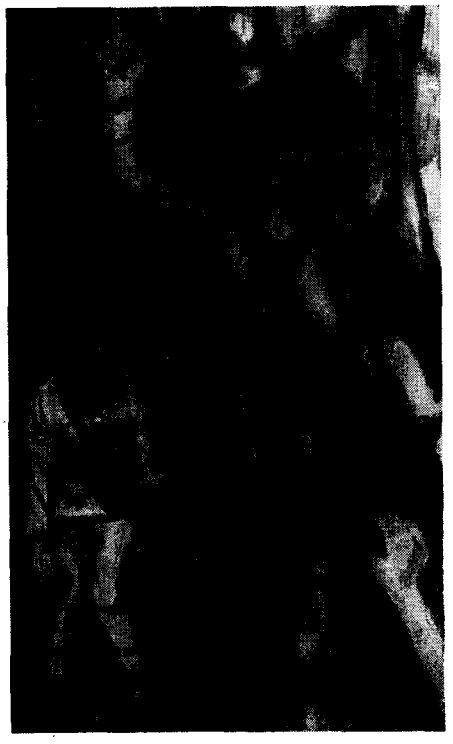
The same false Litvinov then writes about Kamenev as Soviet Ambassador in Rome at a time when Kamenev was already expelled from the party. He further pretends to believe that Trotsky was a Freemason—Trotsky, of all people, who in the early 1920's did his utmost to have the French Communist Party purged of Freemasons.

Anyone familiar with the background of these years will remember the zeal with which the Russian émigré press of the extreme Right, anticipating in this respect Hitler and Goebbels, denounced the Russian Revolution as a Masonic-Jewish-Marxist conspiracy. The echo of these denunciations can at once be detected in what purports to be Litvinov's own voice, for Litvinov himself "exposes" here the "secret connection" between international Freemasonry and Communism. He himself also "exposes," unwittingly to be sure, Jewry's "sinister part in the conspiracy," for we learn that he has meetings with the Chief Rabbi of Moscow and does his best to shield the synagogue against his Gentile comrades, and that only from fear of Stalin does he finally desist. Secret meetings between the Bolshevik leaders and Chief Rabbi were, of course, the favorite hobbyhorses of the most obscurantist of Russian émigré propagandists.

Litvinov, who had followed Lenin faithfully and without the slightest deviation ever since 1903, is also supposed to believe that Lenin made the October Revolution with the help of "German gold," thus confirming yet another hackneyed and discredited legend of early anti-Bolshevik propaganda. One can only imagine how heartily the real man would have laughed over all this. He would have been exceedingly amused, for instance, by the words attributed to him about Molotov's great "erudition." Not less phony is the observation that only Lenin's "fanaticism" prevented the materialization of Litvinov's cherished "dream of bringing the Bolsheviks into the international socialist movement, not as foes, but as left-wing friends."

Who Wrote It?

Yet it is doubtful whether the real author of these absurdities has had any political purpose in producing this piece of fiction. His only ambition seems to have been to fill an obvious gap in the book market, a gap created by the lack of authentic autobiographical writings by Soviet leaders and statesmen. Who knows—he may even have been moved by a



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certain noble sympathy with western specialists in Soviet affairs handicapped by this lack. He has undoubtedly brought to his job certain qualifications of the type that the counterfeiter usually brings to his work. In some patches of this book there is that spuriously vivid local color which is usually found in an apocryphal work. Yet a forger of banknotes working with the negligence or absent-mindedness that is displayed by the perpetrator of these *Notes* would be caught in no time.

It is possible to trace by means of analysis of internal evidence the career of the real author. He has certainly spent some years, but hardly any after 1930, in the Soviet diplomatic service. He was surely in a subordinate position from which he had no access to the policymaking center and from which he could obtain just a few remote glimpses of the Commissar. Trying to put himself into Litvinov's shoes, he mustered all he could recall—his sketchy knowledge of the inside of the Soviet Foreign Office as it looked twenty-five or thirty years ago, and the bag of gossip, political and preferably sexual, picked up in some Soviet embassies and at parties given by second- or third-rank officials. He obviously knew the inside of the Soviet embassies in Paris, Tokyo, and probably Warsaw, but little else. The milieu in which he moved was that of civil servants—good Greek Orthodox and Great Russian nationalists, at heart stanch anti-Bolsheviks, who after the revolution joined the party for the sake of a career. Some time about 1930, while abroad, he certainly "chose freedom"—a freedom that to his mind implies the freedom to produce bogus historical documents.

LET ME ADMIT that I am throwing this book into the wastebasket with a sigh of regret. I suppose that some Old Bolsheviks, perhaps even Litvinov, wrote memoirs in Stalin's days and had them hidden away securely. (I am quite sure that the few Old Bolsheviks who have survived Stalin are writing them now.) How I would like to review Litvinov's authentic diaries! Perhaps one day they may still come my way.

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Rebels in Reverse On Modern Art

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

ARCHITECTURE, AMBITION AND AMERICANS, by Wayne Andrews. *Harper. $7.50.*

THE EYE OF MAN: FORM AND CONTENT IN WESTERN PAINTING, by Selden Rodman. *Devin-Adair. $10.*

Twenty-odd years ago, when Selden Rodman and I were rooming together at Yale in a Collegiate Gothic suite which we had daringly furnished with cubist prints and Cezanne color lithographs, we hatched an insurgent campus magazine called the *Harkness Hoot* which went out to battle for things modern, such as the cause of bringing modern architecture to moated, crenellated Yale.

The most that Yale did in our time was to advance architecturally from neo-Gothic to neo-Colonial. But when at graduation we struck our tents and moved on, we felt we had at least had a rousing good time of it, and I think I secretly hoped the battle would never be quite won. There would be less exuberance in life and less opportunity to lambaste the laggards if it were.

Today, of course, the battle for modernity is so fully won that it is practically *de rigueur* for leading banks and soap manufacturers to erect breath-taking glassy shafts of buildings that far outshine Le Corbusier. One substantial oilman of my acquaintance has acquired not one but twelve paintings by the non-objective Piet Mondrian, which is a lot of Mondrians.

Time to Reverse

Now comes Selden Rodman, fellow insurgent of the early 1930's, saying in his new book that things in the fine arts have gone too far in one direction, and that it is time to reverse it. The rebels aginst the Academy, as he sees it, have become so many academicians themselves. In their drive toward the abstract and impersonal, they have glorified form at the expense of content, thereby leaving their art bare of humanity and "expressive language." As in previous times of cynicism or retreat from life, they have tended to detach themselves from the community, burn their bridges of communication behind them, and plunge into a disembodied world of their own. They have followed too long the advice that art should be "intransitive," stimulating no desires and appetites and never crying out from the heart. Why not cry out from the heart? asks Mr. Rodman. Isn't it time we did?

What Is Taste?

At the same time comes Wayne Andrews's keenly awaited book on American architecture past and present, which unlike Mr. Rodman's is not a call to arms but rather a survey written from a relaxed although critical point of view. Mr. Andrews is less concerned with schools and aesthetic slogans than with the broad topic of taste and the making or unmaking of it. "Form follows function" is a fine and hallowed slogan; but Mr. Andrews reminds us how often form follows the client—frequently with happy results, when the client has plenty of money to spend. His opening statement is refreshing and calculated to shock all disembodied aestheticians: "As I intend to use the word, taste is the record of the ambition which leads the architect to spend more time and energy than is reasonable, and the client . . . to invest more money than common sense would dictate."

A book written from such a point of view flies in the face of many of the categorical imperatives of modernism, under which functionalist spellbinders have tried to dictate what is the right taste for us and what simply won't do. Mr. Andrews isn't against modernists (who

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fall into rival camps or schools anyway), but he is a trifle bored by some of the pretentious attitudes struck in their behalf. When a gushing critic describes a building of Walter Gropius as a post-Newtonian expression of "the conception of space-time," he snorts. When the flowery Lewis Mumford remarks of the modern American kitchen that it is "the moral flower of that long discipline of the spirit which Western man has undertaken during the last millennium under the forms of monasticism, militarism, and mechanism," Andrews thinks it's time for a belly laugh.

Dogma has fenced in many of our latter-day practitioners, Andrews suggests, quoting architect Irving Gill's imperious marching orders to them: "We must boldly throw aside every accepted structural belief and standard of beauty and get back to the source of all architectural strength—the straight line, the arch, the cube, and the circle . . ." A whole generation of streamlined, categorical designers, so dead set against frolic and conspicuous waste that Andrews calls them the Veblenites, has interpreted this teaching to mean that they must build in a cool, impersonal, unornamented, stripped-down style relying on steel and glass, admitting no love but that for the machine. These chaps are Puritans of art, and, as is the way with Puritans, absolutists.

Eventually they become bores. Mr. Andrews is too polite to say as much, but that is what I think he means—just as when Selden Rodman lights into Picasso and the Mondrians for their lack of "expressive language." The stereotype of steel and glass has replaced the older classical order of column and pediment, just as the monotonous cubes of the abstractionists have taken over from the hanging deer and sentimentalized cows of the painters in velvet jackets of 1850, leaving one asking sometimes for a new house not so flooded with remorseless sunlight as Richard Neutra's, or even for a representation of a real cow.

Jeffersonian Break-throughs

My friend Rodman, veteran of the Battle of New Haven, now speaks vigorously of the need of artists again to "engage their expressive capacity to give effective form to a theme of meaningful human content . . ." These are pretty big words, and I am not sure whether such exhortation will do it, but the gallery of dead-end abstract scrawls beside his text shows up the need for a return from desiccation.

Andrews goes about the issue in his area of architecture somewhat differently. He contrasts the rigid, glassy cult of Veblenism against another potent tradition of our time, namely the school of modern building that devotes particular attention to surrounding sites, native materials, varied textures, and the individual tastes of the client, whose fountainhead he sees in Frank Lloyd Wright, and whose present area of flower he identifies as the California of great vistas, informal wealth, new aspiration, and redwoods.

He underscores his point, which is that of diversity and free imagination in our native building, by going back with loving attention to such wayward, long-lost, or forgotten creations in our history of architectural high art as the romanticized Greek-portico plantation manse of Belle Grove in Louisiana (1857); the brilliantly original half-timber Sherman mansion built in Newport, Rhode Island, in the 1870's; and the daring, triangle-shaped façade of the shingle summer home erected in Bristol, Rhode Island, in the 1880's by McKim, Mead & White before they went into their High Renaissance tailspin. We have always, I think Mr. Andrews means to imply, had a second or alternative solution waiting for us when the ruling canon gets too stiff—given a happy marriage of client and designer. Thomas Jefferson, who was his own best client and designer both, was a model of the free American break-through, in the arts as elsewhere. We have done it often, and can do it again today.

MR. RODMAN's brilliantly illustrated book stirred me, and Mr. Andrews's spacious compendium reassured me. I would recommend both not only to the absolutists of modernity who think they have all the answers, but also to other amateurs like myself, who have begun to wonder.

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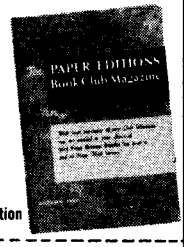

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An Ambassador's Second Report

HARLAN CLEVELAND

THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE, by Chester Bowles. *Harper. $4.*

With so many Presidential candidates around, it is refreshing to come across a book by somebody who is merely running for Secretary of State. If the qualifications for that job are a rough-and-ready understanding of the various revolutions at work in the world, plus a willingness to regard foreigners as people, Mr. Bowles's latest book should make him a leading contender—if the electorate retires Mr. Dulles next year.

The advertising man who was Governor of Connecticut and Ambassador to India has traveled widely and understood much. He sweeps us through Europe, Africa, and the Middle East, dwells on the revolutions of Lenin, Sun Yat-sen, and Gandhi, asks whether we really understand the mighty impact on Asia of our own American Revolution, throws in some American history, and winds up with a foreign policy for the future.

WITH SUCH an assignment it would be a miracle if Mr. Bowles got far below the surface. As a quick, easy-to-read summary of the situation, his book is lucid and immensely valuable. But it helps deepen our understanding only of India, the corner of the vast canvas that Mr. Bowles knows best and excites him most. To him, India's was the key revolution; in writing of Gandhi the author manages to pass on to the reader the thrill he gets from living in the same century with the barefoot saint who was "the very soul of India."

Nehru receives once again the Bowles you-don't-have-to-like-him-but-you-have-to-listen-to-him treatment. And as usual Nehru is worth listening to, as when he warns some young African firebrands: "Even revolutions eat up their own children. . . . Because of Gandhi's insistence and example all the time, an Englishman could walk through an Indian crowd without anybody touching him. That was part of the discipline and habits of mind he inculcated. I do not think you will find an example anywhere else of a national movement being conducted with so little animus.

"I should like you to think of this, because I am frightened at the prospect of Africa going through a welter of blood and thereby losing, I do not know, a generation or two of lives in this business before it starts on its constructive and creative career."

Book Notes

THE RAGGED EDGE—THE DIARY OF A CRISIS, by Marquis Childs. *Doubleday. $3.50.*

The syndicated columnist leads the most glamorous and at the same time the most driven of lives. He is a Lanny Budd, the one who is always where the big decisions are being made. Each day he must try to capture reality and give it to us while it's hot.

It seems possible that the format of the columnist needs to be reexamined. With his compelling urge to be omnipresent, he has also felt a need to create the illusion of omniscience. Each column must have a beginning, middle, and end; each a moral, a theme, a point. The trouble is that life often can't be sliced up that way.

In his new book, Mr. Childs reveals how refreshing it can be when the veteran columnist really takes us into his confidence, notes how the weather felt and the trees looked, and intimates that the columnist too is harassed and human.

No longer hampered by the strictures of "for background only" and "off the record" which tend to dilute a reporter's copy, he describes in diary form the suspenseful winter, spring, summer, and early fall of 1954. This was truly a year lived on the ragged edge, what with McCarthyism at home and failure of noble schemes abroad. Twice—in Indo-China and in the Formosa Strait—we came within a hairbreadth of war.

The Ragged Edge is a sensitive, contemplative book that is more gripping and convincing than a thousand columns.

LORD OF THE FLIES, by William Golding. *Coward-McCann. $3.50.*

This terrifying story, in which British schoolboys are marooned on an island and promptly revert to a state of most cruel savagery, would greatly dismay Jean-Jacques Rousseau were he around to read it. On the island there are no adults, no restraints, no rules; the children are exposed to no headmasters, no priests, no judges—only to idyllic nature. Rousseau would have had them dancing hand in hand, singing nature's praises, busily and happily forming the new society. Mr. Golding presents a more realistic picture: In no time at all, he has them chattering like baboons and murdering each other.

THE BRIDGE: A YEARBOOK OF JUDEAO-CHRISTIAN STUDIES. Volume 1. Edited by John M. Oesterreicher. *Pantheon Books. $3.95.*

Tolerance is a form of politeness, and politeness can be terribly empty. Both Jews and Christians aspire to something more; they want their positions understood. Catholics—this volume of essays is issued under official Catholic auspices—have an added and terribly urgent further need: to have the Jewish faith not only understood but granted the highest respect. For unless that is done, their own faith is truncated at the base. Abraham is the father of Christians; the New Testament cannot be separated from the Old; Jews and Christians are linked in unbreakable fraternity. This very unusual collection of essays is written by people striving to serve that fraternity. We hope that it will find its way into some library frequented by Father Feeney and his young followers in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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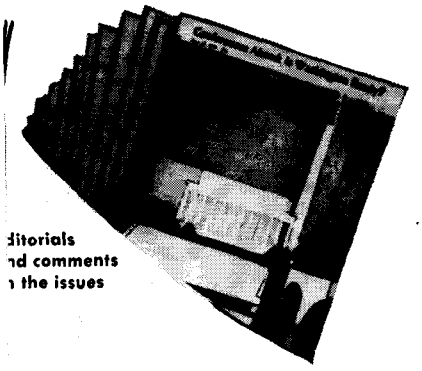

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Netherlands Philharmonic, Walter Goehr, Cond.

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